

THE PORTSMOUTH HERALD.

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PORTSMOUTH, N. H., FRIDAY, JULY 6, 1900,

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WITH increased facilities the subscriber is again prepared to take charge and keep in order such lots in any of the cemeteries of the city as may be intrusted to his care. He will also give careful attention to the turfing and grading of them, also to the cleaning of monuments and headstones, and the removal of weeds in addition to work at the cemeteries he will do turfing and grading in the city at low prices.

Cemetery lots for sale, also Lohm and Tur. Orders left at his residence, corner of Rich. and South street, or by mail, or left with Oliver W. Ham (successor to S. S. Fletcher Market street), will receive prompt attention.

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IN BAGS!

NO DUST NO NOISE

111 Market St Telephone. 24

FOR PRESIDENT.

Bryan The Choice Of The Democratic Convention

No Candidate For Vice President Has Yet Been Named.

The 16 To 1 Plank Is Given A Place In The Platform.

KANSAS CITY, July 5.—William Jennings Bryan was unanimously nominated by the democratic national convention, as its candidate for president, at a quarter before nine o'clock this evening. The convention then adjourned until ten o'clock tomorrow forenoon, without choosing any candidate for the vice presidency. When the roll call of states commenced, Mr. Oldham of Nebraska placed Mr. Bryan in nomination and speeches seconding him were made by representatives from fifteen or twenty states. Among them was former Governor David B. Hill of New York, who received a perfect ovation and was really the lion of the night. When New Hampshire was called, the chairman of the delegation announced that they had decided to cast their ballots for Mr. Hill as vice presidential candidate, but that they would vote solidly for Mr. Bryan for president. All the fight that occurred over the silver issue took place in the committee. Finally a compromise was effected whereby the imperialist plank was placed ahead of the finance, but a financial plank, on the basis of sixteen to one, was inserted further along in the platform and when carried before the convention was adopted by that body without a dissenting vote.

Danforth A Possibility.

KANSAS CITY, July 5.—The most important development in the vice presidential situation tonight is the announcement that when the roll call of the states begins tomorrow, Alabama will yield to Florida and Hon. R. B. McDonald will place in nomination the name of Elliott Danforth. Another interesting development is the proof of the universal popularity in which former Governor David B. Hill of New York is held by the convention. It is believed by many tonight, however, that Mr. Hill will not be the candidate, but that Hon. Adlai E. Stevenson will be nominated.

BEGARDING "OLEO" SALES.

Some Dealers Reach an Understanding with Authorities.

Distributors of oleomargarine in this state and the New Hampshire board of agriculture have come to an agreement, at least temporarily.

In this county a few months ago, the board prosecuted a large number of dealers for selling oleo without meeting the requirements of the state law.

This law provides that it shall be colored differently than butter, and that oleo shall be marked as such in order that buyers shall not be deceived. The constitutionality of the law has been questioned, and pending a decision of the merits of the question, the chief wholesalers of oleo have agreed that there shall be no output.

There are but three dealers in the state, and two of these have agreed to refrain from selling. These two dealers control four-fifths of the trade in New Hampshire, and it is expected that the third dealer will become a party to the agreement.

"TAKE HEED WILL SURELY SPEED."

Be sure to heed the first symptoms of indigestion, nervousness and impure blood, and thus avoid chronic dyspepsia, nervous prostration and all evils produced by bad blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla is your safeguard. It quickly sets the stomach right, strengthens and quiets the nerves, purifies, enriches and vitalizes the blood and keeps up the health tone.

All liver ills are cured by Hood's Pills. 25c.

STATE NEWS.

Items of Interest to People in This Part of New Hampshire.

Edward Brown of Dover, aged about 25, accidentally shot himself with a .32-caliber revolver in the left hand, while celebrating the glorious Fourth. It is a dangerous wound.

Judge Leavitt had a light session of probate court in Exeter Thursday. Little business was transacted and none of any importance.

Many estimates were made on the attendance at Hampton beach on the Fourth, all agreeing that the number of visitors was well up in the thousands. Wallace D. Lovell, the principal owner of the Exeter, Hampton and Amesbury street railway states that his road carried the largest number of people in its history. The gathering was more than orderly and there was not the slightest disturbance at the beach.

A pair of horses driven by Charles E. Walker of this city ran away at Hampton beach Wednesday afternoon. The occupants were thrown out and the carriage pole ran into the earth a distance of several feet. The animals were caught by Jeremiah Coffey of this city.

Thursday was the first of a three days' outing of Aleppo Temple, Nobles of the Mystic Shrine. The members of the order have acquired possession of all of the street railway company's buildings and are veritable owners of South beach for the time being.

That the world is growing better is the opinion of the Manchester police officials, and this opinion is founded upon the character of Thursday morning's court, the day after the Fourth. July 7 is usually marked by a big crust of cases, particularly drunk complaints, but there were only fifteen after the Fourth this year. One of the respondents was arrested in town, while all the rest were products of the lake.

Congressman C. A. Salloway delivered the oration at the Fourth of July celebration at Suncook.

The Manchester Street Railway company carried in round numbers, 9000 people to and from Lake Massabesic on the Fourth. This was not the largest day's business in the company's history, but was larger than the Fourth of the previous year.

The stockholders of the Somersworth Machine company had a meeting at their office Thursday, and voted to ratify the sale of the company's property to the Kidder Machine company of Boston and to authorize the assignee, D. Frank Nealey, to draw up a deed transferring the property to the purchasers.

UNDOUBTEDLY SET.

Fire at South Berwick of Incendiary Origin, Says Mr. Matthews.

County Attorney Matthews was in Biddeford recently, says the Journal of that city, and was asked what the next move in the Sprague murder case would be. He said he could not state with any degree of certainty because of the condition of S. B. Huntress, one of the members of the coroner's jury who was badly injured while driving a road machine several days ago. He said that not much of anything could be done until Mr. Huntress was able to meet again with the jury. Mr. Huntress' condition is slightly improved. Mr. Matthews said he did not think that the authorities would wait until September before an arrest was made.

Regarding the fire, supposed to be incendiary, which consumed the buildings of Florence J. Knight, another of the jurors in the Sprague case, County Attorney Matthews said he did not know much about the fire. He has visited the ruins and from what he learned by questioning Mr. Knight and his employees he was convinced that the fire was of incendiary origin. Whether the investigations to be made will have any effect of the status of the Sprague case or not he was unable to say. The selectmen are to hold an investigation on the fire, he said, and whether he himself took any action or not in the matter depends on the result of their investigations.

NEW DOCK FOR NEW YORK.

Rear Admiral Endicott, chief of the bureau of yards and docks, has directed Civil Engineer Asserson of the New York navy yard to prepare plans for the stone and concrete dry dock to be erected there. An appropriation of \$1,000,000 for the construction of the dock became available on July 1. The general plans already outlined, provide that the

dock shall be between 500 and 550 feet long and have a depth of thirty-two feet. A board of naval officers will be appointed to select a site in the yard.

STILL A MYSTERY.

Police Investigating a Story That Murderers Came to this City.

DOVER, N. H., July 6.—The tragedy in this city the night of the Fourth, when four men were shot by assassins, is still shrouded in mystery.

How three unknown men could start at one end of Main street, and before getting to the other, shoot no less than four men and then escape, without leaving hardly a trace as to their identity, is what puzzles everybody. A number of persons who were seen to speak to the three men that night before the shooting and all who witnessed the shooting were summoned before County Solicitor Scott yesterday afternoon and examined as to their knowledge of the men who did the shooting. Nearly all agreed in the description given, and stated that they could identify the men were they to see them again, but no person has been found who could give their names or tell from where they came.

It has been learned that Eugene Smart, a gunsmith, sold three men a quantity of cartridges. He believes he could identify them on sight. He says the men entered his store three different times, buying three boxes of .38 caliber ball cartridges. Having heard that the men were reckless with their pistols, when they came to his store the last time he told them that he would not supply them with any but blank cartridges.

City Marshal Fogarty has received a telephone call from Chief of Police Scott of Laconia, stating that a trio of unknown men whose description tallied with those wanted here turned up in that city. The message also stated that the appearance of the men indicated that they had been on a spree.

Police Officer George E. Smith, whose beat is on the scene of the shooting, says that he ran down Portland street in pursuit of the three men Wednesday night, one of them turned and shot at him. He replied with two shots, one of which he says he thinks wounded his man. The police believe that the men are known here by certain parties, and that it is only a question of time before they will be apprehended.

After the murders the desperadoes walked leisurely in the direction of the Boston & Maine track as if nothing had happened.

The police are investigating a story to the effect that three men were driven from this city to Portsmouth late Tuesday night by a fourth man, who returned here later with the team. They are endeavoring to ascertain who these parties were.

MAINE NOTES.

There were nineteen arrests at Biddeford on the Fourth of July. Nine were for drunkenness, one for assault, one for larceny and eight boys for malicious mischief.

The hay harvest in Maine has commenced in earnest. In many parts of the state the crop will be below the average on account of the protracted drought.

Charles Seymour of Biddeford, who was sent to Alfred jail for assault, Monday, jumped from the second corridor of the jail Tuesday night during an attack of delirium tremens. He was found lying face down on the concrete floor below with a gash on his forehead and unconscious. He was placed in a cell and medical aid summoned. He will recover.

The four year old son of Robert Bromlee of Biddeford is supposed to have been drowned in the Saco river. He has disappeared and was last seen near the water.

Three couples took part in the cake walk on the pier at Old Orchard Wednesday night, and a large crowd of spectators applauded them. The prize went to a young man who impersonated a tramp.

All engines and cars in service on the Maine Central and Bangor & Arundel railroads are now equipped with air brakes and automatic couplers in accordance with the interstate commerce law which went into effect, Sunday, July 1. Another provision of the new law is that the cars shall be equipped with automatic couplers.

The fire engine belonging to the town of Old Orchard was overturned on Tuesday and badly damaged while the department was exercising with the

ACROSS THE RIVER.

Brief Notes From Kittery Gathered For Herald Readers Today.

Edward T. Carter, a well known workman at the navy yard, received word on Thursday morning that his son, Lester P. Carter of Bar Harbor, bookkeeper for the Leyden Davenport company of Bangor, had his right hand so badly mangled by the explosion of a cannon crack on the Fourth of July, that the hand was amputated at the wrist at the Bar Harbor hospital. The injured man has a wife and five children and the accident is a particularly unfortunate one, for it is doubtful if Mr. Carter will be able to resume his occupation, minus his hand.

Judge Locke, of the United States supreme court, with his family has arrived from Key West, to pass the season at Judge S. B. Neal's, as is their custom.

Although there were several attractions in town one year ago the Fourth of July, the receipts of the electric road were heavier on Wednesday than they were the previous Fourth. While the travel was quite heavy for the day, nearly all were through passengers and this kind of business is what rapidly foots up in the accounts. It proves that the line is as popular as ever and the better accommodations that the management is trying to get here, must certainly help the business.

The democrats of Kittery will meet in caucus at Fiske's hall, Kittery Point on Saturday evening at 7.30 to elect delegates to the district and state conventions and to transact any other business that may come before the meeting. The call for the caucus was made on Thursday evening.

Miss Ida Fernald of Kittery Point has left for the Weirs, where she will pass her summer vacation.

Fred H. Bunker and family who have resided at Kittery Point for a year past, returned Saturday to their former home at Edgartown, Mass.

Mrs. Engan and family of Philadelphia have arrived at the Point for the summer as has been their custom for several years.

Prof. Roland Thaxter and family are at Miss Lucy W. Thigb's at Gull's Island. The professor leaves shortly for a European trip.

Mrs. Jesse A. Tobey has returned from a visit in Massachusetts, and was accompanied by her son, John M. Tobey, who will pass a short vacation here.

Mr. J. Clifford Simpson, who passed the Fourth in Portsmouth and Kittery, left this morning for Halifax, N. S., in the interests of the Boston publishing firm he represents.

Rev. John A. Goss of Haverhill, Mass., has been given a call to the pastorate of the Christian church at York, but it is considered doubtful if he accepts.

Charles J. L. Davis has entered the P. K. & Y. office in Portsmouth.

There was a family picnic at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Simon Fernald at the lower foreside on Wednesday.

Miss Bessie Neal has returned from an extended visit to friends in Bath.

Fred Clough is working as bell boy at Hotel Parkfield.

The hearing in the settlement of the estate of the late Ephraim Spinney, was resumed before the commissioners appointed by the supreme court, at Wentworth hall, on Thursday. New claims have been made against the estate, amounting to about \$16,000 and the case will be a long one. It will be years before the affair is adjusted, it is expected.

Mr. Frank Osborn, who recently went to Boston on a visit, was brought home on Thursday evening, and it is said he is suffering from a stroke of paralysis.

Mrs. Fanny Webster if reported to be critically ill at her home in the lower village and a consultation of physicians was held this forenoon, to determine what might be done for her relief. Mrs. Webster has been ill for some time. The

physicians called together were Drs. Heflinger and Towle of Portsmouth and Johnston of Kittery Point, the latter being her regular physician.

What little rain that fell in the country today must have done an immense amount of good to the parched fields and ripening vegetation. The fields are yellow from the lack of water and the roots of the grass are dead in many places exposed to the sun. The dry condition of the fields is certain to affect the yield of hay another season, and a soaking rain is needed very much all over this section.

YORK.

YORK, Me., July 5.

The Fourth of July marked the opening of the Old Jail Historical museum and the occasion was a memorable one in the history of the town. It was a distinguished company that was present and the ceremonies were most interesting. They consisted principally of speeches appropriate to the occasion by Hon. James T. Davidson, Thomas Nelson Page and Hon. John Bigelow, ex-minister to Berlin. Music was furnished by a Portsmouth band, and ice cream, cake and fruit punch were served by young ladies in costume. Members of the Historical society, also in rare and costly old gowns, filled the rooms of the old jail and served as guides. In the industrial room, looms, flax and spinning wheels were in operation, and the entire exhibit was one of rare interest. The affair lasted until 8 p. m.

The Portsmouth Yalty club played against the York Harbors Wednesday afternoon with a resulting score of 13 to 2 in favor of the former nine.

Travel on the electric was heavy all day and every car was crowded. St. Aspinquid park was a busy place all day and in the evening the Casino was filled to its utmost capacity with dancers.

Hon. John Bigelow, a former United States Minister to Berlin, is a guest at York Harbor.

Mr. Ernest Douglas, organist of St. John's church, Cambridge, has arrived for the season at the camp near Lake Gorges.

Danced When He Couldn't Eat.

An astonished but apparently satisfied spider was one upon which a gentleman recently made an experiment. The result of his investigations is told in Public Opinion:

While watching some spiders one day it occurred to him to try what effect the sound of a tuning fork would have upon them. He had a strong suspicion that they would take it for the buzzing of a fly. Selecting a large, fat spider that had long been feasting on flies, he sounded the fork and touched a thread of the spider's web.

The owner was at one edge of his web, and the thread selected was on the other side. Over his wonderful telephone wires the buzzing sound was conveyed to the watching spider, but from his position he could not tell along which particular line the sound was traveling.

He ran to the center of the web in hot haste and felt all around until he touched the thread against the other end of which the fork was sounding. Then, taking another thread along with him as a precautionary measure, he ran out to the fork and sprang upon it.

At this point he found out his mistake. He retreated for a short distance and stopped to survey this new buzzing creature which should have been a fly, but was strangely unlike any insect he had ever seen. At length, apparently convinced that the object at the outer edge of his web was more suitable for amusement than for an article of diet, he got on it again and danced with pleasure. It was evident that the sound of the fork was music to him.

A Symptom.

"Clementine, that man likes me a good deal, or else he doesn't like me at all." "How do you know, Josephine?" "Why, I never can make him mad."—Chicago Record.

What's the secret of happy, vigorous health? Simply keeping the bowels, the stomach, the liver and kidneys strong and active. Burdock Blood Bitters does it.

UP-TO-DATE BOOTS AND OXFORDS

DUNCAN'S,
5 Market St.

Our **OXFORDS** are the handsomest, easiest, coolest and most up-to-date shoes made.

An inspection will convince any man or woman that we are justified in saying we have the finest and most fashionable leathers, most correct and latest shapes. All prices from \$1.25 to \$5.00.

MORE TROOPS NEEDED.

Ally Force Too Small to Go to Peking.

ALL THE ENVOYS MAY BE DEAD.

Further Rumors of Massacre in Chinese Capital—Native Losses Around Tientsin Said to Be Seven Thousand—Bombardment Continues.

London, July 5.—The commanders of the allies in Tientsin inform the correspondents that it would be suicide to attempt to retake the city with the troops now available in the face of the colossal force of imperial troops and Boxers occupying the country between Tientsin and Peking. So far from taking the offensive, the 12,000 international troops at Tientsin and the 8,000 other at Taku and intermediate points can barely keep up communications, fighting incessantly with overwhelming numbers using far more numerous artillery pieces than the allies.

This telegram has been received from Shanghai, dated July 4, via Chefoo: "Tientsin city fell between 7 and 8 o'clock on the evening of June 30."

It is understood that Shanghai undoubtedly referred to the native city of Tientsin, from which the Chinese have been bombarding the foreign quarters, and the dispatch is taken to mean that the allies are more than holding their own.

Other advices received by way of Shanghai aver that the Chinese losses around Tientsin are between 7,000 and 8,000, according to official estimates.

The correspondent of The Express at Chefoo, telegraphing Wednesday, says Admiral Seymour was wounded while sitting in a house at Tientsin by Chinese sharpshooters.

Official news received at Chefoo shows that the Chinese have been guilty of horrible cruelty toward the wounded and captured, subjecting them to what is known as live-burial, or the shirig process. Under this hideous rite the bodies of the fallen have been mutilated. The Russians are retreating by the whole sale shooting of natives.

The situation, according to The Express correspondent, shows signs of drifting into barbarism and savagery. The Chinese are now looting and burning the foreign quarters, and the Chinese troops are now looting and burning the foreign quarters, and the Chinese troops are now looting and burning the foreign quarters.

Direct tidings from Peking end with the dispatch sent by Sir Robert Hart on June 25.

Three Chinese servants of foreigners have, it is rumored from a good source, escaped from Peking. They report that all the foreigners, 1,000 in number, including 400 soldiers, 100 members of the Chinese embassy staff and a number of women and children, held out till their ammunition was exhausted in the British legation. The legation was finally burned, and all the foreigners were killed.

It is reported that Kwang Hsin and the dowager empress have been captured.

Many Dead From Heat.

Chicago, July 5.—Christina Johnson, a domestic employed at a residence on Sheffield avenue, became crazed by the excessive heat and attempted to burn herself to death. She saturated her clothing with kerosene and applied a match. As the flames enveloped her she ran shrieking through the house, crying out that she was too hot and wanted to die. She was restrained with difficulty and the fire extinguished, but not before she had suffered severe burns which necessitated her removal to a hospital, where she continued to rave in her delirium. The thermometer registered 90 degrees steadily throughout the day, with a heavy breeze to add to the discomfort. Up to 10 o'clock last night six deaths and four prostrations had been reported.

Areas Plundered For Spaniards.

Washington, July 5.—The Spanish minister here, Don de Arce, has brought to the attention of the state department and is urging at appropriate moments the claims of Spanish subjects in the new American insular possessions for a more definite determination of their status. The treaty of Paris fixed their status only in general terms, and there are details of the utmost importance to those who have been led to believe that Spanish claims are being treated in the same manner which perhaps will require judicial interpretation.

The Fourth in San Diego.

San Diego, Cal., July 5.—The celebration here during the last two days of the anniversary of the great naval battle of July 3, 1898, was similar to that of last year. An American party went to the Spanish works in an excursion tug, fired salutes and burned fireworks. At night the Spaniards celebrated the event with a special mass for the repose of the souls of Admiral Cervera's sailors and marines. It was attended by the foreign consuls and American officers. The occasion was very solemn.

Panic on Berlin Bourse.

Berlin, July 5.—There was a panic on the Bourse yesterday, and values dropped 10 to 20 points in coal and iron shares. The good iron stock fell 30 points. The Bourse Zeitung estimates the losses on values at several hundred million marks, or "far more than was with China would probably cost Germany." Chinese bonds have been losing heavily for days past. The Bourse is now reckoning upon the probability of an empire loan for the Chinese difficulties.

Harvard Instructor Accused.

Cambridge, Mass., July 5.—Charles R. Eastman of Cambridge, an instructor at Harvard university, was accused last night charged with shooting Richard A. Grogan, his brother-in-law, late yesterday afternoon, and who had a few minutes after the shot was fired. Eastman maintains the shooting was accidental.

Negro Democrats.

Kansas City, Mo., July 5.—The National Negro Democratic met here yesterday, with delegates representing a number of states present. After reading the Declaration of Independence officers were elected and committees selected. An address is to be issued to the public.

Weather Forecast.

Partly cloudy; fresh northerly winds.

MR. BRYAN'S FOURTH.

Reads Declaration of Independence to Legislature.

Lincoln, Neb., July 5.—W. J. Bryan spent the fourth of July in reading telegrams to political friends and managers and in receiving bulletins from the national convention at Kansas City. In the early hours of the morning, before the convention met, he held occasional consultations with friends at Kansas City over the long distance telephone. Mr. Bryan apparently was the least concerned man in Lincoln as to what was transpiring in the convention city. He was in the best of humor and entertained his neighbors and friends who called during the day with stories and incidents. During the morning he read from a copy of Dickens' "Old Curiosity Shop" the tale of a convention, remarking that it was a fair example of how reports should not be written by newspaper men. It was suggested that while the Declaration of Independence was being read in Kansas City Mr. Bryan read the document to his visitors here. He complied with the request and was disappointed at the conclusion of the reading. A report received by Mr. Bryan said that in the midst of the 18th demonstration Mr. Hill shook his head. "That's too bad," remarked Mr. Bryan. "I suppose he had a fly on his nose and was too busy with his hands to drive it off with them."

Following the first demonstration Mr. Bryan stood for a group photograph with one of his standing on the front lawn. The artist was anxious that Mr. Bryan hold a copy of the Declaration of Independence while the picture was taken, but he objected, saying he did not care to pose, and he would simply hold one of the bulletins.

THIRTY-FIVE KILLED.

Terrible Trolley Car Accident in Tacoma.

Tacoma, July 5.—Thirty-five men, women and children were killed and 18 were injured, nine probably fatally, in the wrecking of a trolley car on the outskirts of Tacoma yesterday.

A hundred and four excursionists boarded a trolley car at Edison, a suburb, at 8:30 o'clock. They were en route to this city to view the civic parade.

The car bowed along at a good speed. Where the tracks turned from Dolan street the car suddenly lurched and left the rails. The passengers were jerked into the air and fell in a mass of wreckage.

Only a slight trail of wood ran along the edge of the precipice. This was shattered like a reel. Frantic screams filled the air as the panic-stricken passengers were borne to certain death.

Half way down the side of the gulch projecting rocks stopped the car for a moment. Such was the force of the impact that its timbers were wrenched apart, and those inside were crushed into a mass of flesh and blood.

When the car struck the bottom of the gulch, only those in the center of the car were alive. The bodies of the dead were shockingly mangled.

Standard Oil Fire.

New York, July 5.—Lightning struck a large tank in the crude oil department of the Standard Oil works at Conestoga Hook, near Bayonne, N. J., a little before 1 o'clock this morning, and the oil caught fire. The tank struck was on the west side of the yards. From it the flames spread to four other tanks that were close by. The oil burned spread over the yards and toward the water's edge. The oil blazed high into the air, belching up the whole city and Staten Island and the hills as far as Elizabeth. The entire Bayonne neighborhood was called out. The tanks which lined the shore had contained about 5,000 gallons of oil each. Some buildings close to them were also burned.

The River War.

London, July 5.—The various telegrams received from Pretoria and elsewhere in South Africa, while not giving an account of fighting, represent the converging columns as making De Wet's moving ground more and more contracted and the possibility of his defeat and capture near. Heavy artillery firing was heard near Ficksburg on the 3d. The Boers are pushing up great numbers in the Landuyt district. State Secretary Heitz has come to Harburg with a part of the Transvaal treasury.

Governor Hodgson Resigns.

London, July 5.—A telegram has been received at the colonial office from Colonel Willcocks, dated Finsbury, July 3, saying native messengers from Pretoria had arrived at Bekeval announce that the governor of Ashanti, Sir Frederic Mitchell Hodgson, with several officers and their wives and families, has left Kumbungu and is proceeding through Denkyera on his way to Cape Coast. Many were killed in breaking out of Kumasi.

UNCLE SAM'S JEWEL BOX.

Precious Stones in the Treasury Vault in Washington.

At Washington, in the bond vault of the treasury, is a great store of diamonds and other precious stones that belong to no body. Most of them have been in the custody of the officials for about 60 years, but some of the gems have been there much longer, and their history rests mainly on hazy tradition.

There is a bottle four or five inches long filled with diamonds and there are various other loose stones, and there are many set in gold ornaments. The value of the whole lot is variously estimated, the computations ranging from \$50,000 to \$100,000.

Most of these gems were sent as a present to President Van Buren by the Indian of Mosebet in 1839. This Indian potentate received the idea that he had received some service from this country, and this was his way of acknowledging his obligation. President Van Buren could not accept them, for there is a clause in the constitution forbidding any person connected with the government from accepting any present or decoration from any foreign power or ruler.

But the oriental's present could not be returned. He would look upon that as an insult. So at last the jewels were turned over to the treasury to keep till something was done about them, and nothing ever has been done.

In similar ways has the entire collection accumulated. Kings and princes are frequently not so scrupulous with the constitution of the United States as they should be, and government officials of various grades have sent here gifts they have received and found it inconvenient to return and impossible to keep.

In the bond vault they must remain till congress "takes action" on their situation. Chicago Inter Ocean.

WARSHIP IN ACTION.

WORK THAT COMES AFTER THE FIRST SIGNAL IS GIVEN.

A Post For Every Man and Many Necessary Things to Be Done Before the Big Guns Can Reach Forth Their Mighty Missiles of Death and Destruction.

Few people outside the naval service know just how a war vessel goes into a fight. To put a battleship in thorough readiness for action ordinarily requires about two hours, though, of course, it can be done in much less time in case of urgency.

If a ship engages an enemy unexpectedly, so that there is not the usual time for preparation, the call to quarters is sounded immediately and the men take their places in divisions. In this case each division attends to a part of the work of clearing the ship, but ordinarily the first signal is, "Clear for action." At the boatswain's whistle and the verbal command the men move to their positions, those whose places are on deck forming in squads under the direction of the different officers. The captain takes his place on the bridge. Later, when the battle begins, he will go into the protected conning tower, through the narrow slit of which he can watch everything that takes place on deck and the movement of the enemy as well.

Near the captain stand the navigator, who will have charge of the handling of the ship during the engagement, the signal officer and the various aids. First of all the decks and working spaces are cleared. The spars, rigging and boats are secured. Everything movable that will not be needed during the engagement is firmly lashed into place, where it will not interfere with the work. The topsmen, who are in charge of the little platform high up on the mainmast, haul up arms and ammunition and make everything ready in their lofty quarters, even to filling the fire buckets with which to put out a blaze should one be started on aloft. The carpenter, under the direction of the navigator, sees to the removal of awning stanchions, hatch rails and every light object that is not essential to the management of the ship. The chronometers and other delicate instruments are carefully gathered up and laid away below to save them from destruction by concussion. The target division gets out its apparatus for sending torpedoes and spreads the interlocking nets over the ship's sides, where they can be quickly lowered if need be.

When the ship is cleared, the call to quarters is given and the men take their places in divisions. The gun squads stand to their guns and make them ready for use. The hatches, except those that will be used, are covered with gratings and tarpaulins, the carpenter collects his men and with the armorer stands ready to repair any damage that may be done by the enemy's fire or the recoil of the ship's cannon. A man with a lead line is placed at the well and during the fight will make frequent soundings to discover if the ship is injured below the water line. The hose squad is placed in charge of the fire apparatus, ready for instant service.

Down in the sick bay the head surgeon, or "bull doctor," has been directing the laying out of cots, instruments and bandages. One hatchway as near amidships as possible is always left open for the passing down of wounded men.

When everything is ready, the officers move to their stations. If the ship is a monitor the battle hatches are closed, and the men at last hear the final command for which they have been impatiently waiting—"Action!"

At that command the doors of the magazines are opened and the men who form the different chains of sentries begin to pass the cartridges cases up to the deck. The delivery of ammunition is in charge of the gunner. In modern naval vessels the gunner is not, as many landlubbers suppose, the man who fires the cannon. He is a warrant officer, and his position is a most responsible one in that of seeing to it that the guns are in the best of order and that the cartridges are delivered to all the guns. The chief gunner takes his position on the berth, where he can note the progress of the work. His chief assistant is below in the main magazine, superintending the handing out of powder, and a quartermaster is in charge of each of the other magazines and of the delivery on deck.

The charges are passed up from the magazines in wooden cases, which are painted black, with the size of caliber and charge painted in large white letters on the side. They are passed out of the magazine to a man who carries them to the lower deck. Then they are passed through a slit in the magazine screen—a heavy canvas curtain which is intended to prevent the possibility of sparks reaching to the powder stores. From this screen carriers take the boxes to the nearest powder scuttle, where they are passed up to the gun deck and thence to the cannon themselves.

A crew of 16 men is required to man each of the big guns, such as the 12 inch and 15 inch cannon of the Iowa and Indiana. They are divided into loaders, spongers, shell men, handspike men, slide tackle men, in tackle men and port tackle men and are under the direction of a first and second gun captain. There are also powder men, who deliver the charge to the gun, a fireman and a wreck clearer.

In firing at a ship the target is always the water line. Though the computing instruments now used are of great value, the only way to get the exact range now, as formerly, is to see whether the first shot falls short or over and to move her up a notch or let her down, as the case may require.

The firing of this first shot releases the pent up tension of the preparations, which is succeeded by a fever of work—Exchange.

Painting the Lily.

"I was in a chemist's shop," says a correspondent of the London News, "when a coster girl entered with a large basket of violets and got on the floor. I thought a bunch and then noticed the chemist's assistant pass a small glass vial to the girl, the contents of which she emptied into the basket. 'Bottle of paint,' said the chemist, with a smile, while the merchant gave him a look of sly humor from under her hat. 'What was that she bought?' I asked. 'A penny's worth of violet,' he replied. 'Those French violets don't smell. They rest on moist moss in the basket, and the moist moss absorbs the perfume. The penn'orth will sell the basket.'"

His Mistake.

Mrs. Chumpleigh—"If you say you never made a mistake in your life, you state what is not a fact."

Mr. Chumpleigh—"Well, you needs't show my marrying you in my face so much."—London Fun.

A New Excuse.

Wife (at 7 a. m.)—"Now, deny your condition last evening! Here you are with your hat and shoes on, and you didn't come home like the worse for drink!"

Husband—"Not a bit, dear. You know I have lately taken to walking in my sleep, and I thought I'd go to bed prepared."—Strand Magazine.

TYPICAL EGYPTIAN VILLAGE.

Kata of Sun Dried Mud, Without Ventilation and Full of Vermin.

R. Talbot Kelly, the English artist, has written for The Century an article entitled "An Artist Among the Fellahs." Mr. Kelly says of a typical Egyptian village:

Built entirely of sun dried mud, the small, low huts, from considerations of economy and space, form one another whenever possible. Narrow and tortuous lanes, left at haphazard, form the only thoroughfares, in which at first appears to be a huge mound of mud, surmounted by heaps of cotton and durra stalks, which serve the dual purpose of thatch and fuel.

Many of these lanes are more oiled-dead, ending abruptly in a neighbor's courtyard and forcing one to retrace his steps and try again. Experiences has taught me that it is never wise to assume that the streets lead in the direction at first suggested. It is often safer to start the other way and trust to the winding of the path to bring one out somewhere near the desired spot.

As a rule, the villages have the appearance of fortifications, the outside walls being frequently without doors or windows, and the lanes of the village terminating in massive wooden doors, which are usually closed at nightfall and guarded on the inside by the village guffrah, or night watchmen.

Each "house" has usually one door, opening into the lane, small and low, and the few windows, if provided at all, are merely slits in the mud wall, innocent of glass or shutter, but ornamented with a lattice of split bamboo, placed crosswise during building. Ventilation there is virtually none, the smoke of the fire of dung or corn cobs finding its egress by the door or wall high creaking the inhabitants, who include not only the family but chickens, turkeys, pigeons, goats and whatever live stock the inhabitants possess.

Every effort to exclude air seems to be made, the houses being too low to feel the breezes, and the streets too narrow to allow of any air circulation. The roofs, covered with mud, include not only the family but chickens, turkeys, pigeons, goats and whatever live stock the inhabitants possess.

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A PRINCE'S CONSTANCY.

Cupid Fails to Discover It in His Utopian Agency.

In Utopia, at the crossroads of Dreams and Sentimental Monogamy, Cupid had started a lost and found agency.

Upon the shelves and in the cupboards of his establishment the little god had accumulated an odd collection of objects both precious and fragile. There were lost ambitions by the score, neatly labeled, but never to be claimed; shattered illusions collected in jars of appropriate sizes, child-like loves faded, but still fragrant; architectural plans of numberless castles in Spain—indeed, every description of tender and extravagant and exquisite things.

Tullio, the beautiful prince of the land appeared at the request window.

"My constancy," he demanded.

"Where and when did you lose it?" asked Cupid with a businesslike air.

Tullio scratched his head meditatively.

"Down on the road of Common Sense," said he.

Cupid scrutinized his interlocutor closely.

"Are you sure you have been there?" he asked.

"It was long ago," stated Tullio, "and that was why I lost my constancy."

Cupid set to searching dusty shelves for the required object. He found a number of dead loves, a dozen parcels of misplaced affections, some amorous intrigues, which he hurried over with sundry wishes, a single package of self conceit, which is not often lost and found, of pride which had been dropped by a duchess who loved a blacksmith. But he did not find the prince's constancy.

"Not here," said Cupid peremptorily.

"You will have to try the bureau of impossible dreams."

Prince Tullio shrugged his shoulders with indifference.

"I shall do nothing of the sort," he said. "I shall let my constancy go to the devil, to whom it rightly belongs."

"There is no use in doing that," smiled Cupid. "He has all he wants already in his affection for Utopian princes. Some day you will find that out."—Brooklyn Citizen.

HER LATCHKEY EXPERIENCE.

Adventure That Befell Her the First Time She Made Use of It.

It was her first experience with a latchkey, and it wouldn't open the door, try as she would. Presently a man passing along the silent street hesitated, looked at her for a moment, and ascended the steps.

If he had spoken to her, she would have screamed. As he didn't speak, she screamed anyway.

Two seconds later that obstinate door was flung violently open, and the entire family, in very slight nightgowns, appeared, peeped through the door and the front steps. Several masculine members of the family seized the intruder, who was actively engaged in making peculiar and wordless gestures, and dragged him into the glare of the hall lamp.

"What did he do to you?" "What's the matter?" "Call the police!" and sundry kindred exclamations rang the air of the hallway and were hurled at the head of the offender, and it was some time before the unintentional cause of all the disturbance was able to make his unoffending voice heard at all.

"I found next door to you," he managed to whisper hoarsely at last, "and I saw the young lady—right in the door, so I was going to offer assistance when she screamed. And I've such a beastly sore throat that I couldn't speak loud enough to make you hear when you fell upon me."

Explanations were in

A THREAT THAT WON

ODD EXPERIENCE OF A SENATOR'S PRIVATE SECRETARY.

An Incident in His Career That Scared Him Out of Several Years' Growth and Made Him Ever After Balk at Women Callers.

"Ordinarily the office of private secretary to a United States senator does not bring with it any exciting adventures or thrilling hairbreadth escapes," said an old newspaper man who had had such a job, "but there was an exception in my case right at the beginning of my senatorial career, and I had such a fright that I wanted to quit right then and there."

"It happened at the senator's house one morning while he was at breakfast. He lived in a large house with a big lobby or hall, and every morning most of the available space in it was occupied by all kinds of people wanting senatorial assistance of one kind or another."

"On this particular morning there must have been 50 people of both sexes sitting around waiting, when a very handsome young woman, beautifully dressed, came in and asked to see the senator. It was my business to be out in the lobby looking after applicants, and, noticing that she was not of the common run of callers, I politely escorted her to a small alcove down the hall, where she would be out of the crowd."

"She told me she wanted to see the senator on particular business, and I informed her that she could not see him that morning there, but she might see him during the day at the capital. She insisted on seeing him then, and I told her that as her business would be referred to me in any event she might as well state it to me there, and I would attend to it if possible."

"She declined, and I insisted, assuring her that I was the senator's private secretary and personal representative and as such was entitled to her respectful consideration. You see, she was a rattling pretty girl, and a man will go out of his way to render that kind service."

"Finally she became less insistent on seeing the senator and asked something more about my authority in the premises. Of course I made myself out to be just as important as I could, and then she came directly at me."

"I want some money," she said nervously, "and I must have it. Do you understand? I must have it."

"If that's what you want," said I, "then you will have to see the senator himself, for I have no authority to give anybody money."

"But you said you were his representative and could act for him, didn't you?" she inquired.

"Yes, madam, but in such matters the senator must act for himself."

"Well, I've got to have the money," she asserted in an ugly tone, "and if you don't give it to me right now I'll scream."

"You'll what?" I almost shrieked at her as I felt the beads of perspiration breaking on my brow at the thought of what a scream under the circumstances would sound like by the time it got into the newspapers.

"I'll scream," she repeated, as cool as a load of ice in February, "if you don't give me the money."

"I saw my finish right there, and I knew there was no good in struggling. The time had come for some quick thinking, and I did it then if ever in my life. If she screamed, I was a ruined man, for there were men and women all around who didn't know me at all and would believe the woman first always, no matter what I had to say. Even if they did not the scandal of such a thing right in the senator's house would make it necessary for him to let me go. I was poor enough, but I had \$30 in my pocket that I had just received as salary from the paper I still worked for, and I went down after it."

"There," said I, dragging it out and handing it over to her in a nice roll, "the \$30, all the money I've got. Take it and welcome."

"Is that all?" she asked, as if disappointed.

"Yes," said I, "all except a few cents in change which you can have if you want them. I am a new man here and have a family to support, and if you make a scene it will ruin me and do you no good. For heaven's sake, take the money and go."

"Oh, you may keep the change," she said, with a haughty wave of her hand, and very deliberately she stuck my roll of bills into her jacket, got up and walked out.

"I followed her to the door, and I never so much wanted to lay violent hands on a woman and find her out as I did that one. When she had got outside, I flew back to the dining room door in a cold sweat and beckoned frantically to the senator to come out. I was so badly rattled that I couldn't talk, and I felt just as one does in a nightmare. I pointed the woman out to him as she crossed the street and told him how I had saved him from a blackmailer at the cost of all my money and four years of my youth."

"You did the very best and wisest thing that could have been done, my boy," he said, patting me on the shoulder reassuringly, and I grew calmer, but I didn't get over the shock for a month, and during the six years I was with him I never saw any women visitors except in the presence of witnesses. Not much. Once was an ample sufficiency for me. He made good the \$30 I had been held up for, and we never saw the woman again, nor could we ever obtain any clew to her identity, though I told a couple of detectives the story and had them on the lookout for her."

"Just what kind of game she would have played on the senator I can't say, but not the screaming business, for there would have been too many people about for that plan to work."—Chicago Later Ocean.

Had His Suspensions.

"Do you believe in the theory of reincarnation?" asked the mystical friend.

"Well," answered Mr. Sibus Barker, despectively, "I don't suppose there's any way of getting positive proof. But I will say that I've got neighbors who remind me of Herod and Caligula and Nero and Henry VIII and Judge Jeffreys and a lot more of those old timers."—Washington Star.

Defined.

"How do you define the phrase 'As black as your hat'?" asked a flimsy professor of a student who had just used the expression.

"Well, sir," replied the student, "I should define it as darkness that might be felt."—Stray Stories.

TWO AMERICAN CONSULS.

The Misadventures of a Merchant Who Invoked Their Aid.

A merchant of considerable importance at home, a man of refined tastes and good education, was called to Europe to conduct personally a negotiation which, if successful, would, he believed, add very largely to his business and yield handsome profits. Being but imperfectly versed in the language of the country and knowing little of its laws, he asked of the congressman from his district a letter of introduction to our consul in the city to which his business would carry him. Thus armed, the merchant arrived in due season at his destination and presented himself at the consulate.

The consul was absent, exactly where the clerk could not say. When he was to return also was not known. Finally, after considerable persistence, the information was elicited that a letter addressed to the care of certain bankers would reach him. No one else would do, the merchant thought. At any rate he did not fancy the appearance of a shuffler of those about the consulate, while the count country which had been extended to him was irritating. So he telegraphed to the bankers and got the consul's address. Letters passed, but the consul showed no disposition to return. Indeed, at last he frankly confessed that he had learned through press dispatches and the letter of an indignant friend that the new administration at Washington had appointed his successor and said that under the circumstances he could hardly be expected to sacrifice himself unnecessarily. If the merchant would call on M. T., an advocate of some local reputation, he would find him trustworthy.

A month went by. M. T. appeared to be doing his best, but the negotiations did not move forward. At the end of the second month the new consul came, and the merchant made haste to seek his assistance. This official was described as "a large, thick set man, with the face of a retired bartender and an offensive fashion of chewing tobacco." If tobacco can be chewed offensively, he seemed to be impressed with the importance of his office and assumed a manner intended to be dignified, but which was, in fact, pompous or insulting, as occasion prompted. Unfortunately he attempted to be friendly the merchant, whom he knew by reputation, but thereby only hindered the negotiations. He spoke no foreign language, affected to despise all save his own, and that was quite peculiarly his own.

At last, a crisis being reached and M. T. being suspected of selling out to the other side, the merchant became desperate, called to his assistance a foreign consul and thereby saved himself from a positive misadventure, to say nothing of a complete failure to realize his hopes.—Century.

AN AMBUSCADE.

Danger in Kissing Your Wife at the Wrong Time.

"You must have been trying to eat a buzzsaw in motion," said the friend to the man who hadn't been married long.

"Not as bad as that, but nearly," he responded as he tenderly rubbed the scars that adorned his mouth and chin.

"Been seeing how far you could slide on your face?" asked the friend anxiously.

"No. Say, for heaven's sake, if you will say nothing to any one I will tell you how it happened. You know my wife and I have been married just long enough to have most of the gloss rubbed off from the honeymoon. In fact, we have arrived at that point where we take things as a matter of course and realize that there are others in this world as well as ourselves."

"Well, the other morning it suddenly dawned upon me that I hadn't kissed her for a whole week, and my conscience smote me. Even now, I told myself, she may be crying her eyes out under the impression that I love her no longer. I remembered how we had promised each other during our honeymoon that our married life would be one long, sweet dream, with the honeymoon as a basis. I chided myself for my indifference and determined to make amends at once."

"Well, I looked my wife up and found her in her room doing up her hair before a mirror. Stepping quickly forward, with all the ardor of my courtship days, I threw my arms about her and planted a kiss upon her lips—at least such was my intention, but instead I ran my mouth into a blistering array of hairpins that she had stuck between her lips. If there were any doubts before about the honeymoon being over, there was none when the lady got her mouth free of hairpins and said what she had to say on the subject."

"The next time I kiss my wife I am going to reconnoiter the field for fire before attacking."—Detroit Free Press.

IN BROAD SCOTCH.

Interviewed on behalf of The Leader, Mr. Gardner said his Testament in broad Scotch—or broad Scots, as the pedant has it, which is still only in MS., would not be in the Glasgow or Paisley Scotch of the present day, but would more resemble Burns. It would not be archaic, but neither would it be corrupt. "Here, for instance, is the Lord's Prayer," said Mr. Gardner:

"Father o' us a', bidden Aboon! Thy name be holie! Lat thy reign begin! Lat thy will be done, baith in yirth and heaven! Gie us ilka a day oor needin' feedin'! And forgie us a' oor ill doin's, as we can forgie those wha did us ill! And lat us no be siffit, but save us frae the ill ain. For the croon is thine ain and the micht and the glorie forever and ever, amen!"—London Leader.

AN INDUCEMENT.

Young Physician—But isn't it a week rather exorbitant rent for such a small room?

Landlady—Oh, dear, no; not for a doctor, pray?

Young Physician—And why not for a doctor, pray?

Landlady—Because this is a very unhealthy house, and there is never a week passes but what half a dozen of my roomers are ill.—London Answers.

Commercial Value of Prestige.

Mr. Fitzsimith—What made you pay that house cleaner double what he asked?

Mrs. Fitzsimith—Well, Clarence, he told me what stylish families he worked for, and I thought he was worth it.—Indianapolis Journal.

All the large rivers of South Africa take their rise in a tract of flat, treeless tableland in the Transvaal, about 6,000 feet above sea level.

There is a paradox in pride. It makes some men ridiculous, but prevents others from becoming so.

THE WORK OF WOMAN

THE BUSY WOMAN HAS ALWAYS BEEN, THOUGH YOU WOULDN'T THINK SO.

Her Energies and Talents Are Turned In New Directions as Her Surroundings Change, but "Woman and Her Work" Is Nothing New.

My, my, what a stir there has been of late about "woman and her work!" One would think that the busy woman had only just appeared upon the scene and was, therefore, such a novelty that to make note of all she says and does, and, furthermore, discuss what she is hoping to do, is of wonderful and thrilling interest.

The busy woman, as a matter of fact, has always been. It may be that she is one of the "discovered" having previously been accepted very much as a matter of course.

The day of the busy woman dates back much further, of course, than the civil war—in fact, there are stories of her balking and bawling and spinning that are written along with the accounts of the doings of kings and princes in the days of old, and a word of praise for her has been jotted down by the scribes. But as the civil war is a convenient period for us to look back to, and after all it did mean so very much in the lives of American women, the women of the sixties, who dwell in both the north and the south, it may be interesting for just a moment's recalling.

The New England woman was up with the sun and greeted her "help" and shared with them the work. Her house was as spick and span as a new pin, and she always had time for a "tea drinking" with her women friends in the afternoon. She made the "seed cakes" herself—there were no convenient bakeries to supply her with a "ready made" cake. No one considered it remarkable, either, that she was clever enough to make her own cakes. Sometimes a neighbor who thought them particularly good would beg the recipe, and this was complimentary enough.

And the woman of the south in the sixties—has it ever been your good fortune to see a little notebook, or "daybook" as they were called, kept by your grandmother or your mother when mistress of a plantation? If you have, then you know something of what busy days were as used to know in the long ago, as well as they know them now, and I do not believe there was much speculation then about the "dangers of overwork." Certain it is that our grandmothers lived to a good old age and were very charming, gentlewomen, which latter proves that they took time to look at the social side of affairs and cultivate the art of graceful manners.

The southern woman of the sixties never neglected or ignored her responsibilities in the matter of her dependents. She made a daily round of the little cabins dotted here and there about the "big house," took medicine to the ailing and nursed the dying. Her little white fingers were marked with red rings that the heavy shears had made when she cut out dozens of garments to clothe the old and the young of the care free people who sang and toiled in the cotton and tobacco fields. There was her own little brood of children, too, to keep a watchful eye over. She planned all their pretty little frocks and put in many of the stitches herself, for "fine needlework" was the pride of the woman of the sixties. And though she may have done so, it isn't on record that she ever dropped any of these tasks and rushed away to some far place for a "rest cure."

Another busy day's relics of the time that the men in gray marched away? I mean relics that are handiwork of the women of the sixties? Perhaps you have a little old hat that is made out of palm-leaf braid or a bonnet made from the fiber of a gourd or slippers made from the cloth of a coat that was left by the men folk when they put on their soldier uniforms. And, maybe, up in your attic, thrust away with the trash, there is a little pair of gloves knitted from the thread reared from a pair of silk stockings, or a hat trimmed with flowers made from dyed feathers. If you have any such relics, of course they are good for nothing except to tell the busy women of the present day how the women of the sixties faced a trying time with pluck and energy.

No, the busy and bright and capable woman is by no means a new institution. I have only turned back the pages of the record of her affairs because it is all the more to her honor and glory that she has always had a place in the civilized world, just as she no doubt will always have. We all rather like an institution with a history. True, the busy woman of the present has her energies and abilities directed in different channels from those known to the women of the sixties, but this is not because she has changed. Her surroundings have changed, and the capable woman always rises to the occasion.

A very clever and interesting woman the other day read a paper before a lot of other clever and interesting women, and she told of a busy woman's busy day. She noted the number of club meetings she might possibly attend, the luncheons and dinners and teas, but never a word said she about how busy she might be at home. Of course she may have thought the home subject too prosaic and uninteresting and unimportant to mention. This bright reader cautioned against the danger of "overworking," paying tribute to the saving grace that came as the only real rest in the week when the busy woman went to church on Sundays.

It seems to me that the affairs of the busy woman at home should not be too prosaic or unimportant to take cognizance of. If she is a true hearted woman, she will never neglect her home duties, though she be adopted into a dozen clubs with as many letters standing for their titles.—Margaret Hannis in St. Louis Republic.

Marking Linen.

For handkerchiefs the small separate script initials of one's name are the best form. Monograms and single letters are used or even the name written out in full, but the initials are likely to look best. The embroidery is done in the French white or laid work, the same that is used for marking one's underwear and is in larger way for towels, table and bed linen. This is a sort of satin stitch, and the larger letters should always be padded to produce a raised and heavy effect. If one has plenty of time and good taste as well as good eyesight, the letters on sheets, napkins and towels may be the nucleus of an elaborate piece of embroidery worked out with canthons, flower-de-luce or any design preferred.

Her First "Make Up."

A theater at night during a rehearsal is not the most fascinating place one can visit. Miss Mary Kossuth, however, is one unaccustomed to it as I was.

At the end of three weary weeks my chance came. When almost despairing of ever getting anything, my heart was gladdened by the stage manager, who said I might go on that evening, as one of the girls had left. The place to be filled was in the first row, an unusually good chance. But then my troubles began. Not being a very good artist, I failed in my make up, which is one of the first considerations on the stage.

I must have looked like a fright as I emerged from the dressing room. One eye and one corner of my mouth were becoming very friendly—trying to meet. The others were just the reverse, not so sparkling, to say the least. My poor nose was so white that it looked like a piece of dough or putty put on to suit the occasion.

Did I say in the front row? Well, hardly. As soon as he discovered me, the stage manager ordered "that ugly person" to go into the back row, and back I went. One of the girls consoled me by saying I was not so ugly as I looked, and she afterward assisted me to do better. Thereafter, by study and application, I was enabled to secure engagements in such good companies as Daly's, Rice's and Frohman's and to advance from the chorus to good speaking parts, with bright prospects ahead.

Women Physicians.

Women physicians have established themselves all over Russia, and even their opponents admit that they have achieved a respected position, says The German Medical Weekly. Part of them are employed by the government and since last year are entitled to a pension. They occupy positions as county physicians, physicians for the poor and the municipal ambulance system, etc.

Mrs. Dr. N. Shulz, in the St. Petersburg Institute for Experimental Medicine, is one of the foremost experts in bacteriology, and her lectures are well attended by physicians of both sexes. Miss Dr. Lavroskaya of the City Hospital, Obukhov, and a few other female physicians, were last year with the expedition which went to Turkestan under the personal guidance of the prince of Oldenburg. They returned with a lot of good health, but their conduct shows a spirit of heroism worthy to be remembered.

Dr. Pavloskaya has immortalized herself in another direction. At the right time and in the right manner she succeeded in interesting St. Petersburg society in the establishment of a sanitarium for consumptives and through donations from private sources and the imperial treasury the establishment in Taitai, near St. Petersburg, is in operation.

Dr. Schabunova has gained distinction for the erection of a sanitarium for children on the Baltic seacoast.

Why a Bride Was Late.

A Brooklyn man, saying to a business friend one day recently that it was the third anniversary of his wedding, recalled the following incident of the eventful day: Being fervent in business, even on his wedding day, he remained at his office until 6 o'clock in the evening. The ceremony was to take place at 8. On his way home to don his wedding suit he thought he would stop at the church to see that all preparations had been attended to. To his dismay the white ribbon for the aisles had been forgotten. He telephoned to one of the stores, and in the exigency of the case a messenger was dispatched with the ribbon and was met half way by the prospective bridegroom, who adjusted the difficulty and was in time to meet his bride.

Another wedding difficulty is recalled in the instance of a Brooklyn girl who was married in Grace Church on the Heights not very long ago. Guests were assembled, but the bride party did not appear, and still the wonder grew while one of the bride's family was dispatched to buy a second pair of wedding slippers. The original slippers were misplaced during the morning by a maid, and their disappearance was not noted until the bride wanted to slip into them and then into her carriage.—Brooklyn Citizen.

Tea Table Folklore.

Here are a few very old superstitions about the cup that cheers:

When the tea is made and the lid of the teapot is forgotten for a few minutes, it is a sure sign that some one will drop in to tea.

If single persons find that they have two spoons by the side of the cup, he or she will figure prominently, perhaps very prominently, at a wedding before the year is out.

If you put cream in your tea before sugar it will cross your love.

If a tea stalk floats in the cup of an unmarried lady it is called a "bean." When this happens, she should stir the tea round briskly, and then plant the spoon upright in the middle of the cup, holding it quite still with the fingers. If the "bean" in its twirlings is attracted to the spoon and clings to it, he will be sure to put in an appearance some time during the evening. If the sides of the cup attract him, he will not come that night.

Isn't It Strange—

That a woman never knows how to shoo a hen away?

That a woman know so little character in her chirography?

That a woman who can sing well feels her true sphere is grand opera?

That women like to underscore so many words in their correspondence?

That women dislike to appear twice in the same gown at social functions?

That women take so to heart the sentimental utterances of pleasant young men?

That women know so little about ordering a satisfactory dinner from a hotel menu?

That a woman takes so much care to keep up to date in umbrella handles?—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Gwyneth Vaughn.

Mrs. Hughes, more widely known by her name used in literary work, Gwyneth Vaughn, is a talented and energetic woman whose home is among the northern hills of Wales. She is a member of the Woman's Liberal Federation, a lecturer for the Suffrage association and an active worker in the British woman's Temperance association. A fluent speaker in both English and Welsh, she is in the field or at her desk, by pen and voice helping forward the human cause. It is said that she has spoken in every county in Wales. Her two sons and charming daughter, to whom she is a devoted mother and comrade, are allied with her in the good work.—Woman's Journal.

THE HOME OF THE PLAGUE.

Why the Pestilence Is Bred In Chinese Cities.

One who has seen any of the towns and cities in China wonders little why disease and plague are prevalent. A correspondent who traveled in China writes that he once went to Fuchau, a town near the east coast, which is approached by way of the river Myn, one of the most picturesque waterways in the whole of the Celestial empire.

Ships have to anchor at the customs piers, from which persons are conveyed to Fuchau by sampans or steam launch, the distance being about ten miles.

Fuchau is considered one of the most filthy and overcrowded towns in China, and a person landing there cannot fail to notice the fact immediately he sets foot on shore. Everywhere there are teeming masses of dirty, ragged and half starved looking Celestials. The streets (alleys would be a better term) are only about eight feet wide, and all metalled or paved with irregular lumps of stone and rock. On each side there are stagnant gutters, which emit most noxious perfumes, causing one to hold a handkerchief to his nostrils the whole time he has to traverse the roads.

In the terribly hot weather the Chinese places a plank of wood from his doorway on to the street, across the gutter, and takes his night's sleep, perhaps without a covering, perhaps in the clothes he has not had off for weeks.

Nearly every building is a shop, and outside every three or four are placed buckets of garbage—in some places holes full of it—which add to the sickening stench of the gutters. Every now and again one hears loud shouting in front of or behind him, which is an indication that all on foot must clear the way for some chair carriers, who are carrying upon their shoulders some important personage.

The sight on the main bridge spanning the river cannot be accurately described. Each side was crowded with stalls with goods of every description—dirty looking, tumble down affairs. Cripples and beggars were numerous, and there were also lepers; there were men with terrible sores, and two Chinese lay half naked on the roadway, dying. There is a law in force in Fuchau that the first person who shall touch a man who has died in such a manner shall bury him. Very few, however, receive burial if they die on the bridge. The person who is unfortunate enough to touch the dead one waits until dark, and then, as the Americans say, "dumps," the departed into the river. Bodies are found nearly every day floating among the shipping or half buried in the mud when the water is low.—London Leader.

SELECTING A JURY.

Queer Faculty That Lawyers Sometimes Seem to Possess.

"Selecting a jury seems to be a matter of intuition with some lawyers," said a prominent member of the bar, "and those who are most successful at it are often unable to give any reasons. That man will be against us, or that man will be for us," they say, and make their challenges accordingly, but if you ask for the why and wherefore they are at a loss. It is a most valuable faculty in an attorney and, boiled down, is of course nothing more or less than unconscious deduction from acute observation."

"One of the cleverest men in this line I ever knew in my life was the old lawyer in whose office I studied. The way 'the colonel,' as we called him, could spot a case of potential hostility in selecting a jury was next door to miraculous. I remember on one occasion he was representing a railroad company in a damage suit brought by a man who claimed to have received severe spinal injuries in an accident. His hurts were not visible to the eye; but, according to his story, he was in continual agony."

"One of the jurymen was a solemn looking chap who was in the grocery business. While the colonel was questioning him he noticed a little chain hanging out of his pocket, and he asked abruptly, 'A pocket thermometer,' replied the jurymen. Without assigning any definite reason the colonel tried desperately to get the man off, but the judge passed him."

"The jury gave a stiff verdict for the plaintiff, and it developed that the grocer had been his chief advocate. 'I knew he would oppose us as soon as I heard about that thermometer,' said the colonel afterward at the office. 'Any grocer who carries a pocket thermometer is necessarily a hypochondriac, and, as our defense was based on the theory that the plaintiff's injuries were entirely imaginary, the argument naturally gave this chap offense. He had probably heard that sort of talk applied to himself.'"

"Did you figure that out on the spot?" I asked.

"No," he said, "but I felt it in my bones."—Exchange.

Sometimes Only a Lease.

"You never can tell just what kind of a document a marriage certificate is," said the real estate man thoughtfully.

"What do you mean by that?" asked the lawyer.

"Why, take the case of old man Jenkins," returned the real estate man by way of illustration. "He thought his marriage certificate was a bill of sale and gave him absolute title to his wife."

"Didn't it?"

"Well, hardly. It turns out to have been no more than a lease."

"How so?"

"She has secured a divorce."—Chicago Post.

Information.

A guide, who was showing a party through the senate corridors of the national capitol, halted them before the statue of John Haycock, and, after they had admired it and its unique inscription, led them away with this final bit of information: "Haycock was a great man; you know, he wrote the Declaration of Independence!"

And not one of the party raised his voice in protest.—Argonaut.

His Religion as a Cloak.

"I can't find words," exclaimed the moral man, "to express my disgust for the man who uses his religion as a cloak. He's everything that's bad."

"He certainly is foolish, to say the least," remarked the practical man, "for religion such as his is necessarily so flimsy he's liable to catch cold in it."—Philadelphia Press.

Anywhere in the world, no matter where, the chances are that the clothes-plans used in hanging out clothes were made in America.

COUNTRY STATESMANSHIP.

How Blank County People Live and Let Live—Punishing a Forger.

Statesmen in Washington and in London, not to speak of a dozen other capitals, may pride and plume themselves on their diplomatic and forensic, but it takes a country politician to develop real statesmanship. Down in Blank, the capital of Blank county, they've developed statesmanship until it's almost genius. Here are some instances of this genius or statesmanship. After you've read them you can decide which it is.

There are only 80 voters in the county town. All of them live off the taxes. Yet the taxes amount to only about \$800 a year. The way they do it shows how far ahead the good, honest countryman is of the evil, wicked city man. By the way, remember here that the countryman who comes to buy green goods always intends to swindle his near friends at home. Recalling that will help you to understand how the people live.

The local taxes amount to about \$800 a year, collected mostly from New Yorkers who own hunting tracts in the county. But from the state comes perhaps \$7,500, to be devoted to various uses. Now, Reuben Glendover, a good American, whose fathers have been Americans for two centuries, gets a contract to repair the roads of the county for \$1,200. He hires Simon Peters, the justice of the peace, and George W. Frisbie and T. Jefferson Woodbury, the supervisors, both of whom are also old Americans, to do the work. They do about three days' work. The contractor, who may be the postmaster, puts in a bill for \$1,200—so many days' work at so much a day. The bill is signed by the supervisors and the justice of the peace. Each of them gets, say, \$100 for his three days' work. The contractor gets the rest.

The road? There's only one in the county, across one end, and the soil is sandy, so that the bed dries quickly after rain. Besides, no one uses the road except natives, and it's better for them as it is.

That's not bad for country statesmanship, but this is better: Dave—never mind his last name—Dave forged a friend's name, and the worst of it was the forgery got out. No, that wasn't the worst of it. Dave got the money—of course a fellow doesn't forge for the fun of it—and then he goes and gets drunk on it. Of course he couldn't deny it.

The friends of both parties met and talked the matter over.

"Dave hadn't ought 'n' done it," was the general opinion. "Leastways he shouldn't 'n' been caught. But then, Dave, he allus was a poor, no account fellow—not 'sponsible really."

The aggrieved friend met Dave's representative half way. He didn't want to make trouble, "specially ag'in Dave—he'd always liked Dave; liked him now, 't' th' matter of it. He hadn't no grudge ag'in him. But he couldn't afford to lose the money."

"But if ye put Dave in th' jail ye won't get no money."

"No? That so?"

"Ye've hev to sue him 'n a civil court."

"Then Dave'll get two doses for bein' sick once?"

"Yep; jail fast, an' after jail th' creditor."

"Huh!"

When they heard that, Dave's representatives were satisfied. Then they sprung their diplomatic suggestion. There was some discussion, but the upshot was that Davis ran for sheriff the next election, was elected and turned over to his friend all the emoluments of his office, except the few dollars that were required to keep him in funds as a sheriff.

If you suggest to one of the citizens that there is something strange in placing a forger at the head of the executive department of the county, he'll say: "Shoo! What's the odds? Jail ain't no place for Dave; sides, Bill needed the money, an' Dave'd never have paid him if he'd had to go to jail."

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FRIDAY, JULY 6, 1900.

There is no encouragement for the foes of the United States in the Philadelphia platform.

It would seem that the name of Maine is fatal to a vessel, whether with or without the final letter.

Mr. Bryan's return to the tax assessor has answered one of his pet arguments. Mr. Bryan is not growing poorer.

A republican victory in Nebraska this year would be a fitting climax for the democratic campaign on false issues.

Under the leave-to-print privilege Pettigrewism is executing a few expiring gasps in the "Congressional Record."

The democratic is the only party that makes a specialty of protecting foreign interests at the expense of American interests.

The Chinese pig-tail makes fine twisting material for those persons who have been so persistently at work on the British lion's tail.

The governor of Missouri has been selected as one of the delegates to the Kansas City convention. He will make a fine object lesson.

Labor has the right to organize as well as capital, and the American Federation of Labor has gained upwards of 300,000 members this year.

The democrats of Milwaukee have nominated Peck's Bad Boy for congress. Representative Lutz was a sufficiency in that particular line.

The news from the west indicates quite plainly that this is going to be a bad year for the political party that flourishes on short crops and empty dinner pails.

Washington exercised the veto power twice, Monroe but one time, Lincoln three times and McKinley four times. Tolerance and confidence in the coordinate branches of the government have characterized the actions of our greatest presidents.

Farmers paid \$328,000,000 for the experiment of electing a democratic president in 1892, through the loss in the value of their live stock alone. The corn crop of the United States was worth almost \$85,000,000 more last year than in 1895.

If the democrats in Kansas City will do as much as the republicans in Philadelphia did—declare in favor of the American merchant marine, and demand legislation that will create it—congress may be safely relied on to devise the plan and put it into execution.

The Oregon has belied gloomy forebodings and exceeded confident expectation before, and the welcome news from the east is that she has done it again. There will be general rejoicing that the staunch battleship, although grievously torn, has escaped from the reef that was feared would be her grave. No expense would be deemed injudicious that will restore to the navy in her old incomparable fighting trim the ship that has proved so far ahead of others in its class and that has deserved so well of the nation.

Whether the report be accurate or exaggerated, that the American silk exhibit at the Paris exposition is to be awarded a prize superior to that of the French exhibit, it is certain that a very great triumph has been achieved by a youthful American industry which, from the beginning, in challenging French manufacture has challenged the master hand. It is notable that, since 1889, we have increased our silk manufacture more than 250 per cent, and decreased our imports of silk goods 13 per cent. There is cause for heartiest gratification in such a verdict as that rendered in Paris by an international jury of experts.

THE SITUATION IN CHINA.
Floating Of The Oregon.

WASHINGTON, July 5.—The navy department this afternoon received the following telegram:

CHIEF-FOO.—Secretary of the Navy, Washington: While announcing Oregon floated this afternoon. Goes Kure dock yard, inland sea.

ROGERS.

May Increase The Forces.

WASHINGTON, July 5.—Consul General Goodnow's prophecy of further trouble with the allied forces fails to impress the Chinese, with their resources, and may furnish a motive for the government to increase the United States forces in China considerably. The consul general's despatch is the only official piece of news to emanate from China today. The state department has now accepted beyond question the report of Baron von Ketteler's death, as indicated by a message of condolence sent to Berlin.

ACRES OF BURNING OIL.

NEW YORK, July 5.—Four and a quarter millions of dollars' worth of damage has already been done and a number of persons have been seriously burned by a fire which started from a lightning bolt in the plant of the Standard Oil Co., at Constable Hook near Bayonne, N. J., early this morning. Twenty-one huge oil tanks, fifteen Union line cars, the crude oil refinery, the pumping station and many other buildings have been destroyed and the contents of the twenty-one tanks are a sea of flame covering more than one hundred acres. This evening, at ten o'clock, two more tanks exploded and caught fire, which will probably increase the loss by two hundred thousand dollars.

FUNERAL ARRANGEMENTS MADE.

DURHAM, N. H., July 5.—Telegrams from all parts of the world have been received today by the bereaved family of Hamilton Smith. Arrangements have been made to hold the funeral on Saturday afternoon at half-past two o'clock, in the church. The clergymen who will officiate are Rev. W. S. Beard, the pastor, and Rev. B. S. Murkland, president of the New Hampshire Agricultural college. The interment will be on a beautiful hill on the Smith estate, near a park in which Mr. Smith took particular pride.

UNCLE OOM FEARS THE BRITISH AS MUCH AS EVER.

LONDON, July 5.—The Lorenzo Marques correspondent of the Daily Telegraph tried to interview President Kruger at Watervalunder on July Fourth. Mr. Kruger was there, but he deputed Secretary Reitz to talk for him. The secretary said: "We do not need to discuss peace. President Kruger desires to repeat, through me, what he has said over and over again—that the South African republics will continue to fight for the independence so long as even five hundred burghers are alive and can fight. This is our decision."

BASE BALL.

The following is the result of the games played in the National league yesterday:

Chicago 2, Boston 0; at Chicago.

Pittsburg 3, New York 7; at Pittsburg.

Cincinnati 0, Brooklyn 2; at Cincinnati.

St. Louis 2, Philadelphia 3, ten innings; at St. Louis.

ANOTHER DEATH FROM DOVER SHOOTING AFFRAY.

DOVER, N. H., July 5.—Thomas Dobbins, one of the victims of last night's shooting affray, died at his home this afternoon. Gagnon has experienced a change for the worse and his condition is critical. Russell is getting on well. Dobbins is the second victim to die. No arrests have yet been made.

NOTICE TO WHEELMEN.

There's positively no need to endure discomfort by reason of chafing, sunburn, insect stings, sore and perspiring feet or accidental bruises. You forget these troubles in using Bucklen's Arnica Salve. Infallible for Pimples, Blisters, Skin Eruptions and Piles Sold by Globe Grocery Co., 25 cents.

WEATHER INDICATIONS.

WASHINGTON, July 5.—Forecast for New England: Partly cloudy and warmer Friday; generally fair Saturday; light to fresh west winds.

A little life may be sacrificed to an hour's delay. Cholera infantum, dysentery, diarrhoea come suddenly. Only safe plan is to have Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry always on hand.

PLAYED IN HIS NIGHTCLOTHES.
How President Arthur Once Broke Into a Game of Poker.

Aug. 1, 1888, witnessed the opening of the exposition at Louisville, and the central figure was President Arthur. Upon his arrival on the soil of Kentucky the president was met by the then governor of the state, Luke B. Blackburn, and in response to a speech of welcome by him the president made a gracious reply. The train then sped onward through the state until Louisville was reached. Here the president was met by a delegation of prominent men of the city, headed by the mayor, Charles D. Jacob. At night a banquet was tendered to the distinguished guest at the Galt House, at which he was called upon to respond to a toast.

At about 11 p. m. the president, accompanied by the committee appointed to look after his comfort while in Louisville, started for the suite of rooms which had been set aside for him at the Galt House. After a chat of about half an hour with the members of the committee, which composed some of the prominent men in Louisville's affairs, excused himself and retired.

After the president had withdrawn one of the committee suggested that the party while away a couple of hours with a game of poker. No dissenting voice being raised, the cards and chips were brought forth, and the game was on. For a solid hour or more nothing could be heard but the clicking of the chips and the subdued voices of the players as the bets were made. When the game was at its height and the eyes and ears of the players were so intently fixed upon the cards and the betting as to be totally oblivious to their surroundings, a tall figure clad in a white nightgown appeared from behind the portieres of a communicating room and, coming up behind one of the players, gently tapped him on the shoulder.

To the astonishment of this player, upon looking up he beheld by his side the president of the United States. The president said he had been lying in bed since the game began listening to the rattling of the chips and the betting which was going on in the adjacent room, and, though tired, he could not persuade himself to go to sleep until he had taken a hand in the game. With one voice the committee extended an invitation to the president to take a seat at the table and join in the game, which he did. Louisville today has the distinction of having once had a president of the United States while its guest playing a game of poker with some of its leading citizens in his nightgown.—New York Herald.

J. Q. ADAMS' LAST WORDS.

Made to Order by Request, Said the Late Dick Thompson.

"Not long before his death I called on Dick Thompson, for so he is best known, and I listened with unusual interest to his political reminiscences, dating from 1848, when he was in congress, and running on down to his retirement as secretary of the navy department," said Congressman Landis of Indiana. "I had asked him about John Quincy Adams when the latter was a member of the lower house. After he had answered he said: 'Landis, I haven't much longer to live, and I want to make a little confession to you. It is important, perhaps, but I am the only one living who knows the secret, and I think I shall feel better to know I have told it. I was in the house when John Quincy Adams had the attack which resulted in his death two days later. I was one of the four who carried him into the speaker's room. He never regained consciousness. After his death we who had carried him out of the house met and questioned one another until each confessed that he had not heard Mr. Adams say anything after we picked him up. In those days the last words of great men had an interest which does not attach to last utterances in this age. And so it was agreed that inasmuch as Mr. Adams had no chance to say anything for himself we would make some last words for him commensurate with his worth. 'I was selected to formulate something suitable. It was no easy task, but I finally reported as his last words, 'This is the last of earth.' One of the four who had helped to carry him out replied, 'I am content.' These last words were not intended to be credited to Mr. Adams. The member who said 'I am content' meant that he was satisfied with my report, but I did not so understand him at the time. I thought that the words were intended as a sort of amendment and added them. As they seemed quite appropriate, we concluded to let them stand, and there they are as they have been quoted for 50 years. 'Mr. Thompson was not a destroyer. He was not the man to mar, jostle or change, but he assured me that he wanted to be put right on his last business, as he called it, and I told you the story as he told it to me. I suppose Mr. Adams spoke some last words somewhere, but they were not the same which you and I have heard about in our time.'—New York Sun.

A Four Footed Strategist.

"Bears?" said the member just back from a trip. "Yes; saw one. Wait till I tell you. Ball, the guide, wanted to go and look at a bear trap before we went down the river, and I went along with him. He had his ax, and I carried a gun. As we came in sight of the trap there was a bear. 'We've got him!' said Ball in the words of the Winchester Calendar. I was raising my rifle, but Ball said: 'Don't shoot! He's safe.' We walked up close, and the bear stood up. Ball aimed a crack at him with the ax, and the bear dodged one side and trotted off. He wasn't in the trap at all, and I forgot to shoot. Ball said—Never mind.'—Forest and Stream.

A Significant Phrase.

The phrase "Hear, hear," originally "Hear him," was first used in parliament "to remind members of the duty of attending to the discussion, but gradually became what it now is, indicative, according to the tone of admiration, accordance, indignation or derision."—Newcastle (England) Chronicle.

Sufferer.

"It is a great drawback to a young man to be loaded down with debt."

"I should say so. I'm awfully loaded down with what other people owe me."—Chicago Record.

The father of a bright baby can readily believe that smartness is hereditary.—Chicago News.

Envy is fixed only on merit and, like a sore eye, is offended with everything.

AS LUCK WOULD HAVE IT.
Found a Frozen Snake and With It Clubbed a Wolf to Death.

They had been talking of snakes. "Speaking of snakes," said a man whose manners and attire smacked strongly of the west, "a cold snap and a snake saved my life once when I was prospecting in northern Texas. I had been out and got lost in the mountains, and I reckon I would have starved if it hadn't been for the change of weather and the snake. You've heard about the northerners in Texas that come down with a rush and change a summer day in autumn to a freezer from Freezerville, haven't you? Well, it was that kind of a thing that caught me. I was stumbling along about dead one day at noon among the cliffs, scared half to death all the time at two snakes that were stretched on the rocks sunning themselves. I hadn't so much as a stick to defend myself with, and I was kept on the watch every minute. All at once, I saw the forked tongue of a snake, and the sky clouded up and a norther swept down on us. I made my way to a cave I had noticed near by, and, freezing far back into it, I kept from getting hit, but I could not have a fire, because there wasn't any timber up there on the mountains.

"Early the next morning I got up and concluded to make for the valley, where somebody might find my dead body anyhow after the starving had finished me. It was colder than Alaska, and I hadn't gone more than a hundred yards before a big gray wolf sneaked out of a cave just beyond me and came after me. I gave up then, for I was weak as a kitten and had nothing to fight with, but I couldn't help making some kind of a show, and I looked around to get any old thing to hit the wolf a lick, when I noticed a snake on a flat rock, frozen hard. I grabbed it just as the wolf got near enough to growl, and as he came at me I hit him a three base hit with that ball club of a frozen snake that knocked him silly. It was a square one, right on the jaw, and he keeled over like a log. Then I hopped on him and thumped the life out of him.

"Wolf meat isn't prime eating, but anything will do for a starving man, and it wasn't long till I had sliced a meal off of him with my penknife, and, making a bee line for the valley where there were some trees, I soon had a fire and the wolf meat cooking on it. That saved my life and gave me enough strength to go back and out of his hands, which I carried away with me and lived on for two days longer, when I was picked up by some other prospectors and restored to my friends. Nowadays when I see a snake I always have a very friendly feeling for him, whether he is frozen or not."—Detroit Free Press.

Felt Something Was Wrong.

A negro epicure caught a five large possum. He skinned, dressed and hung it before a blazing fire under a spreading tree, and while it was baking to a delectable brown lay down on the ground and went to sleep beside it. About the time the possum was done a slick little dandy happening that way stole the possum and ate it up. Then he took the bones and laid them down in front of his sleeping brother, greased his lips with possum grease and smeared possum grease over his fingers.

When the owner of the possum awoke, he looked about dazed and surprised to find his piece of resistance gone, but the bones lay in front of him, he saw the grease upon his fingers and tasted it upon his lips.

"Is it possible," he said, "I dun eat dat possum when I sleep? I smelt possum, I eat possum, an' dat is de bones. It certainly do look lik' I mus' hab eat him, but I swin' dat dar possum dun hab less 'flect on my constitution dan any ole possum I eber did eat befo'."—Exchange.

It Didn't Hurt.

"When I was young in the profession," said a dentist, "I was working in a country place for a few weeks to help a friend. One day a farmer came in—a big muscular chap. As he sat in the chair he asked: 'Will it hurt?'

"Feeling in rather a jocular mood, I answered: 'Well, if it doesn't, it shan't cost you anything.'

"Then I fell to work. The tooth came even harder than I expected, so as the man got up from the chair and pulled himself together—he had not uttered a sound—I asked: 'Well, did it hurt?'

"Not a bit," answered the countryman, as he strode out of the office, leaving me minus a fee and completely nonplussed. I have never tried to be funny professionally since," said he meditatively.—Pearson's Weekly.

Realistic.

The traditional attitude of the pessimist toward all things is represented thus in a dialogue with a Georgia farmer: "How do you like this weather?" "Not much. I'm feared it's goin to rain."

"Well, how's times with you?" "Sorter so-so—but they won't last."

"Folks all well?" "Yes; but the measles is in the neighborhood."

"Well, you ought to be thankful you're a-livin'."

"I reckon so; but we've all got to die!"—Atlanta Constitution.

A Sufficient Reason.

"And why does your master want to sell the horse?"

"I dun care for 'im, sir."

"But why doesn't he cure for him? You tell your master that I should like to see him about it."

"Well, to tell ye the truth, sir, 'e ain't come out of the 'ospital yet, sir."—Punch.

Hear Bibles.

There is a good collection of Bibles in the National museum at Washington and among others one of Cromwell's pocket Bibles, which he gave to every soldier in his army, with instructions to carry it in a pocket made especially for that purpose in the waistcoat over the heart.

Sure of It Then.

"Do you think that lawyer whom you retained to break your father's will will be successful?"

"Why, certainly."

"What makes you think so?"

"Why, he's the fellow that drew the will up for my father."—King.

His Stroke of State.

She—I'll wager you have told lots of other girls that you loved them.

He—Well, if such has been my misguided career, it is now in your hands to put a stop to it.—Chicago Record.

He Sent His Eye.

A certain railroad issued an order requiring all its section foremen to report to an oculist on a certain day and have their eyes examined. One afternoon, after those present had undergone the examination and the eye doctor was about to close up for the evening, a messenger boy rushed in with a small package neatly tied up in tissue paper and which proved to be a glass eye. The following, and evidently hurriedly scribbled, note was attached:

"Oye inspector: Dear Sir—The day befoer yesterday, at nune, I got word to come down and have me eye looked into for color blindness as ye call it. I had 45 ties and 10 rails to put down beyond the sand cut, an as Jerry Sullivan an Dominick Cooley hav' bin indispshosed since the wake that was holded over the dead corpus of Danny dobery, me hands wor-tue short to spare me. 'Twas lucky that the rite eye that was first in me bed were nocked out wid a pik, an me glass eye, that is a perfect figger us the eye that was not put out, is sint to you for hexamination. I end spare the glass eye better than the eye in me hed, an if she is culler blind I'll git me one what ain't Yours thruly, Mike Donohue."—Kansas City Star.

Constipation
Headache, biliousness, heartburn, indigestion, and all liver ills are cured by
Hood's Pills
Sold by all druggists. 25 cents.

Isles of Shoals S. S. Co.
SEASON OF 1900.
TIME TABLE.
Commencing June 26, 1900.

Portsmouth and Isles of Shoals.
STEAMER VIKING
LEAVES PORTSMOUTH, wharf foot of Deer Street, for Isles of Shoals, at 8:20 and 11:20 A. M. and 5:40 P. M. Sundays at 10:45 A. M. and 5:30 P. M.
RETURNING, LEAVES APPLEDORE, Isles of Shoals, for Portsmouth, at 6:00 and 9:15 A. M. and 3:25 P. M. Sundays at 8:45 A. M. and 3:30 P. M.
Touch at OCEANIC, STAR ISLAND, going and coming.
Arrangements for parties can be made on the wharf with Wm. Gerting, General Manager.
Fare for Round Trip, 50 Cents. (Good on day of issue only.) Single Fare, 30 Cents.

Granite State
Fire Insurance Company
OF PORTSMOUTH, N. H.
Paid-Up Capital, \$200,000
OFFICERS:
President, FRANK JONES,
Vice President, JOHN W. SANBORN
Secretary, ALFRED F. HOWARD,
Asst. Secretary, JOHN W. EMERY
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More than Seventy Million of cigars sold in New England by the manufacturers of the
7-20-4

The best judges of tobacco admit it is the best 10c. cigar on the market. The Havana tobacco now being used is of extra fine flavor.
At Wholesale in Portsmouth by
FRED S. WENDRELL, J. H. SWIFT,
Deer and Market Sts. Bridge St.

R. G. SULLIVAN
MANUFACTURER,
Manchester, N. H.

Why try to stick things with something that doesn't stick? Buy MAJOR'S CEMENT; you know it sticks. Nothing breaks away from it. Stick to MAJOR'S CEMENT. Buy once, you will buy forever. There is nothing as good; don't believe the substituter.
MAJOR'S RUBBER and MAJOR'S LEATHER. Two separate concerns—the best. Trust not having them. ESTABLISHED 1858.
15 and 25 cents per bottle at all druggists.
MAJOR CEMENT CO., NEW YORK CITY.

PILES
Williams' Tonic P. Ointment is a sure cure for PILES. It absorbs the tumor, cures itching, gives relief. 50 and 25 Cents. At Druggists.
For Sale by George Hill, Druggist.

PORTSMOUTH'S SECRET AND SOCIAL SOCIETIES.
WHEN AND WHERE THEY MEET.
A Guide for Visitors and Members.

OAK CASTLE, NO. 4, K. G. R.
Meets at Hall, Peirce Block, High St., Second and Fourth Wednesdays of each month.
Officers—Charles F. Cole, N. C.; Fred Gardner, P. C.; Charles E. Oliver, V. C.; Geo. E. M. Smiley, V. H.; E. P. Gidney, H. P.; True W. Priest, K. of E.; Allison L. Phinney, C. of E.; Samuel R. Gardner, M. of R.; James Kehoe, S. H.

PORTSMOUTH COUNCIL, NO. 8, O. U. A. M.
Meets at Hall, Franklin Block, First and Third Thursday of each Month.
Officers—Edward Voudy, C.; George D. Richardson, V. C.; Fred J. Glyn, S. Ex.; Arthur Woodsum, J. Ex.; Frank Pike, R. S.; Frank Langley, T. S.; J. W. Marden, T.; Frank Walsh Ind.; Jas. Harold, Eian.; Joseph Welch, I. P.; Wm. P. Gardner, O. P.

PORTSMOUTH LODGE, NO. 97, B. P. O. L.
Meets at Hall, Daniel St., Second and Fourth Tuesdays of each month, except Second Tuesday of June, July and August, and Fourth Tuesday of September.
Officers—True W. Priest, E. R., H. B. Dow, T.; I. R. Davis, S.

BESOR SHNATH, NO. 602, K. A. B. O.
Meets in Pythian Hall, Second and Fourth Fridays in each month.
Officers—Excellant Senator, Arthur S. Johnson; Sr. Seneschal, J. E. Chickering; Jr. Seneschal, Arthur C. Deros; Saracene, E. W. Voudy Rec. Sec., J. E. Harold; Fin. Sec., A. O. Caswell; Treas., F. C. Langley; Sr. Vigilante John B. Forbes; Jr. Vigilante, Chas. H. Magraw; Surgeon, Dr. A. B. Sherburne; Warden, W. P. Gardner.

CITY OF PORTSMOUTH COUNCIL, K. OF C.
Meets at K. of C. Hall, High St., First and Third Tuesdays of each month.
Officers—Geo. S. Kirvan, G. K.; W. H. Lyons, M. D., D. G. K.; Wm. McEvoy Chan.; James Whitman, Wardwa; J. E. Meegan, Fin. Sec.; Victor J. Murphy, Rec. Sec.; Daniel Casey, Treas.

OSGOOD LODGE, NO. 48, I. O. O. F.
Meets in Old Fellows' Hall every Thursday evening at 8:00 o'clock.
Officers—Charles H. Kehoe, N. G.; George W. French, V. G.; Howard Anderson, Sec.; Edwin B. Prime, Treas.; Albert C. Plumer, Fin. Sec.
The Degree Flag will be displayed when degrees are to be conferred. Watch for it. All brother Old Fellows not members of the Lodge are cordially invited to attend the Lodge meetings and are assured a cordial greeting.

CUTLER'S SEA VIEW,
HAMPTON BEACH,
Where you get the famous FISH DINNERS.
Most beautifully situated hotel on the coast. Parties catered to.
JOHN CUTLER, Proprietor.

The Famous HOTEL WHITTIER,
Open the Entire Year.
Favorite stopping place for Portsmouth people.
If you are on a pleasure drive you cannot fail to enjoy a meal at Whittier's.
OTIS WHITTIER, Proprietor.

THE KEARSARGE
York Beach, Me.
The former Yorkshire enlarged and remains under the same popular management as last season.
Up to date in all its appointments.
For terms and circulars address

FRED ALLEN.
STANDARD BRAND.
Newark cement
400 Barrels of the above Cement Just Landed.

THIS COMPANY'S CEMENT
Has been on the market for the past fifty years. It has been used on the Principal Government and Other Public Works, and has received the commendation of 7400 Architects and Consumers generally. Persons wanting cement should not be misled. Obtain the best.
FOR SALE BY
JOHN H. BROUGHTON

DR. DECKER'S SHAKE NO MORE
60c. a bottle at druggists or direct from Dr. Decker Medicine Co., Patterson, N. J.

Professional Cards.
Dr. C. O. Smith,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
Removed to 34 Fleet Street
Corner of Hanover's rect.
Up One Flight. Telephone Connection 1
OFFICE HOURS: 10 A. M., 2 to 4. 7 to 9 p. m.
Special Attention Given to Disease Women and Children.

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OFFICE HOURS: 1 A. M., 3 P. M., 7 to 10 Evening

C. D. HINMAN, D. D. S.
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Portsmouth, N. H.

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84 State Street, Portsmouth, N. H.
Office Hours: 9 A. M. to 4 and 7 to 9 P. M.

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Is the time to inspect the samples of
SPRING CLOTHING.

I have just received a new lot of samples and I am prepared to make suits from \$15.00 up and pants from \$4.00 up.

CLEANING, REPAIRING AND PRESSING A SPECIALTY.
Perfect Satisfaction Guaranteed

O'LEARY, THE TAILOR,
5 Bridge Street.

H. W. NICKERSON,
LICENSED EMBALMER
—AND—
FUNERAL DIRECTOR,
5 Daniel St., Portsmouth.
Calls by night at residence, 9 M. H. avenue, or 11 Gates street, will receive prompt attention.
Telephone at office and residence.

SHIRT WAISTS

That cannot be excelled for style, fit and workmanship.

50 cts. to \$3.25.

LEWIS E. STAPLES,
7 Market Street.

Yes It's Stronger

Eagle

QUAD-STAY.

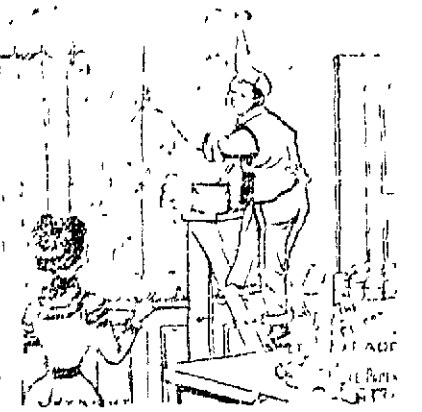
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in line.

Road Racer, \$50;
Track Racer, \$60.

The lightest and easiest running bicycle in the world. Come and trade in your old wheel.

PHILBRICK'S
BICYCLE STORE,

21 Fleet Street Portsmouth.



SPRING DECORATIONS ARE
IN ORDER

now, and we have the finest stock of handsome wall papers, that range in price from 15 cents to \$5 per roll, suitable for any room, and of exquisite colorings and artistic patterns. Only expert workmen are employed by us, and our prices for first-class work is as reasonable as our wall papers.

J. H. Gardiner

0 & 12 Daniel St. Portsmouth

RENTS COLLECTED.

HOUSES RENTED.

AND PROPERTY CARED FOR.

I am making a specialty of the above and solicit your patronage

J. G. TOBEY, Jr.,

Real Estate and Insurance,

32 Congress Street.

S. G.

BEST 10c. CIGAR

In The Market.

S. GRZYMSH, MFG.
Pure Havana.

THE HERALD.

FRIDAY, JULY 6, 1900.

CITY BRIEFS

Now to recover from that after-the-Fourth feeling.

There is the usual long list of Fourth of July casualties.

Conner, photographer studio, (formerly Nickerson's), No. 1 Congress street.

Now that the Fourth is past there will be the grand rush to the resorts along the shore.

Not a few places are reserving the grand celebration of the summer until Old Home week.

The annual picnic of the Pearl street Sunday school was held at Jenness beach on Thursday.

The Portsmouth City band will give a concert at Hampton Beach on Sunday afternoon and evening.

The Veteran firemen had another try out of their new tub, the "Mohawk Chief," on Thursday evening.

The Fannie A. Gardner lodge held their regular bi-monthly meeting at Odd Fellows' hall this evening.

Rubber heels become very popular and John G. Mott is fitting out the local public with an excellent article

The apple trees along the country roads are heavily laden with little green apples and everything points to a good crop, this season.

The Coon club of New Hampshire will hold its annual meeting and summer outing at Stowe's camp, Lake Massabesic, on Saturday, July 14th.

The Ladies' Aid society of the Methodist church held their regular meeting in the vestry on Thursday afternoon. Supper was served by the ladies from six to eight o'clock.

The Hon. Frank Jones pays a tax to the municipality of Portsmouth this year of \$405.01, while the Frank Jones Brewing company, limited, will turn in \$25,450.15. Mr. H. Fisher Eldredge's contribution will be \$784.16, and that of the Eldridge Brewing company \$2701.92. J. Albert Walker's tax is \$742.41, and that of J. A. and A. W. Walker \$1595.36.—Manchester Mirror.

WITH THE THEATRICAL FOLK

Reports from London say that F. Paul Keith, son of B. F. Keith, the famous vaudeville manager, is now in London, negotiating for the lease of the Princess' theatre in Oxford street. In case Mr. Keith succeeds in securing the Princess', the report states, he will put in a continuous performance such as he has in different cities in this country.

Klaw & Erlanger have secured Della Fox to play "Belle Money," a sprightly young girl, with their comedy company in The Rogers Brothers in Central park. Della Fox, it is said, has entirely recovered from her recent severe illness.

Nat Goodwin and his wife, Maxine Elliott, have sailed for Southampton on the American liner St. Louis, en route to Jacksonville, their English home.

Miss Rose Coughlin recently underwent a severe surgical operation, but is reported to be improving.

AT THE NAVY YARD.

The new regulations are being distributed.

Summer visitors have made their appearance at the yard.

The naval band will appear in the regulation uniform very soon.

Contractors report that it is impossible to get labor at the present time.

The U. S. tug Nezaneccott will be stationed here as a permanent yard tug.

Captain W. H. Harris, U. S. N., is making his home at the Adams house, Boston.

Captain P. F. Harrington, U. S. N., was out in the river off the floating dry dock in the steam cutter Orphan on Thursday afternoon taking soundings and deciding on an anchorage for the Reina Mercedes.

IT DAZZLES THE WORLD.

No Discovery in medicine has ever created one quarter of the excitement that has been caused by Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. Its several treats have been on hopeless victims of Consumption, Pneumonia, Hemorrhage, Pleurisy and Bronchitis, thousands of whom it has restored to perfect health. For Croup, Colds, Asthma, Croup, Hay Fever, Hoarseness and Whooping Cough it is the quickest, surest cure in the world. It is sold by Globe Grocery Co., who guarantee satisfaction or refund money. Large bottles 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottles free.

ORGANIZED IN KITTERY.

Beacon Hill Realty Co., organized at Kittery for the purpose of dealing in real estate, with \$200,000 capital stock, of which nothing is paid in. The officers are: President, Abram O. Monfort of Providence; treasurer, John O. Bingham of Providence. Certificate approved, July 2d.

A BOLD HORSE THIEF.

He Takes a Team From Market
Square In Broad Daylight.

Jenness Brown Of Stratham, Just Out
Of Prison, Suspected Of It.

Traced To Newburyport, Where He
Put Up His Horse At A Stable
For The Night.

An unusually bold piece of horse stealing was done in this city on Thursday afternoon. A team belonging to Mrs. Leavitt of Stratham was taken from Market square, somewhere between three and four o'clock. The guilty party is supposed to be one Jenness Brown of Stratham, a man with a bad record, who left the state prison last week, after having served four and half years for running away with a team in Newmarket.

Mrs. Leavitt drove in from Stratham a little before three o'clock and hitched her horse not far from the police station, preparatory to doing some shopping. She noticed Brown standing near, but paid no particular attention to him.

When she returned about half past four o'clock and could not find the team, she directly suspected that he was responsible for its disappearance.

Mrs. Leavitt reported her loss to the police and lively means were at once employed to chase up the thief. He was traced down the Hampton road as far as Whittier's hotel, where the clerk reported that a fellow well along in years had driven up there less than an hour earlier, in company with a Kingston man, and had stopped a few minutes.

The Newburyport officers were asked to keep a lookout for the team, and along in the evening they reported that a man about sixty years old had driven into the city and put up his team at a livery stable, leaving word that he would call for it about five o'clock in the morning.

Brown is sixty-two years of age, so the Portsmouth officers at once had hopes that he had been located. The team left at the Newburyport stable, however, did not correspond with Mrs. Leavitt's. It had a red running gear and the horse was a gray, while the Leavitt horse is a bay colt, five years old, with a white strip in his forehead, and the vehicle is a black bodied democrat, with a black running gear.

It was thought possible, though, that Brown might have exchanged teams somewhere along his route, as he is a professional horse thief and such a trick would naturally occur to him.

The Newburyport officers were requested to hold the stranger when he called for his team this morning.

Brown is about five feet, six inches in height, weighs about 170 pounds and has but one eye. He lost the other while he was in prison. He used to live near Mrs. Leavitt and has two sisters residing in Stratham now.

As Brown was driving out of the city with the team, on Thursday afternoon, he was seen by Thomas McCre, who hailed him and asked him where he got the outfit. "It's one I just bought," rejoined Brown. "I'm going out home to my sister's in Stratham." "Come down to my stable and I'll swap you," said Mr. McCre, but Brown shook his head and drove on.

WATER FRONT NEWS.

Sailed—Tug Triton, towing barges C. R. R. No. 8, for Baltimore, Knickerbocker for Philadelphia; Albert T. Sterns for Boston.

Arrived—Barge Monitor, Spanning, from Philadelphia with 1558 tons of coal, C. R. R. barge Number Four, Mathieson, from Port Johnston with 1074 tons; and schooner Robert Ingle Carter, Bartlett, from Perth Amboy with 1372 tons; all for J. A. & A. W. Walker.

Arrived, July 6.—Tug Wyalasing, Perth Amboy, towing barge Baloon, coal for J. A. & A. W. Walker; Lizzie May, Gardner, for Boston; Rena, Rockport, do.; W. T. Emerson, Bangor, do.; Monawa, Bangor, for New York.

OUTING OF THE KING'S DAUGHTERS.

The summer residence of Mr. and Mrs. James R. Connell was the scene of a most enjoyable gathering on Thursday afternoon and evening, the occasion being a meeting of the King's Daughters of the North church.

About forty members were present as the guests of Mrs. Connell and a bountiful dinner and lunch in the evening were served. Music and games served to pass the day all too quickly. Mrs. Connell proved herself to be a most pleasing hostess.

PERSONALS

A. Ray Kennard of Dover was a visitor here on Thursday.

J. P. Conner and L. E. Scruton passed Thursday in York.

Miss Emma Riley of State street is visiting relatives in Newfield.

J. O. Amazeen of Lynn, Mass., is the guest of friends at Newcastle, N. H.

Frank Hayes of North Easton, Mass., was a visitor in this city Wednesday and Thursday.

Mrs. Edward Small has opened her cottage at Hedding camp ground for the season.

Mrs. Linda Smith of North Hampton is visiting her son, John E. Smith of Broad street.

Miss Jessie Williams of Hartford, Conn., has come to pass the summer at York Harbor.

Miss Florence May Ellery of Highland street is the guest of relatives in Taunton, Mass.

Miss Ethel W. Thompson of Boston is passing a few days in the city the guest of friends.

Mrs. George Shannon of Brockton, Mass., is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Freeman Pearson.

Woodbury Lord and wife have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Levi Lord, Maplewood avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Adams, of Everett and daughter Dorothy, are the guests of relatives in this city.

Edmund Kenniston is confined to his home on Miller avenue with a severe attack of rheumatism.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Moore of Malden, Mass., are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Emmons Garland, Vaughan street.

Mrs. Benjamin Parker who for several months has been visiting at Los Angeles, Cal., has returned home.

Mrs. John G. Parsons and son, Willie, of Middle street, are visiting Mrs. Samuel Hyslop of Newton, Mass.

Ralph P. Sanborn, who has been visiting his mother on South street, returned to New York on Thursday.

Chief Boatswain Patrick Bailey, U. S. N., has been ordered to Nipe, Cuba, to command one of the coal barges.

Mrs. John S. Tilton and little granddaughter, Emily, leave today, Friday, for East Epping, to pass the summer.

Thomas A. Ward is to sail on the Dominion line steamship New England from Boston on July 18th for Europe.

Charles Quian has accepted the position of traveling salesman with the Banker Hill Coffee company of Boston.

George Fletcher of Brockton, Mass., son of Carpenter Joseph B. Fletcher, U. S. N., passed the holiday in this city.

Mrs. Frank Grant of Eliot who underwent a surgical operation at the Cottage hospital several weeks ago, has returned home.

Miss Georgia Halliburton is the guest of Miss Langdon at the Gov. Langdon mansion, Pleasant street, having returned from California.

Mrs. S. W. Clarke and daughters, of Manchester, formerly of Portsmouth, have opened their summer residence at Old Orchard for the season.

Miss Alice Myers, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Willis E. Myers, of Winchester, Mass., formerly of this city, is the guest of her aunt, Miss Mary Myers, of Austin street.

Rev. Thomas Whiteside left on Thursday evening for Concord where he will attend the funeral of Mrs. Whiteside's mother. Owing to ill health Mrs. Whiteside was unable to attend.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Hill, their son, Harry, Miss Alice Hinchings, Mr. Wilder Quint, Dr. C. W. Hinchings and lady, of Boston, have been guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Hinchings of State street for several days.

IMPROVED HIS RECORD.

"Who Is It, the handsome gray gelding owned by Hon. Frank Jones of this city, carried off the speed honors of the day at Readville, on the Fourth, by stepping his two winning heats in the 2.09 trot in 2.10 1-4 and 2.10 3-4. The gray fellow was full of trot, and in the second mile he went so easily that it looked as if he could have beaten 2.10 quite a little.

Who Is It improved his record made last August over this same track a quarter of a second in the opening heat.

ABUSED HIS MOTHER.

Allen McDonald was arrested by Officer Quinn on Thursday, charged with assaulting his mother, Miss Christine McDonald, of Manning street. It is claimed that he struck her with a dipper and punched her, finally throwing her out of doors. He was intoxicated at the time.

Hives are a terrible torment to the little folks and to some older ones. Easily cured. Doan's Ointment never fails. Instant relief! permanent cure. At any drug store, 50 cents.

THESE MEN WANTED.

Description of the Dover Murderers
Furnished the Police.

The following dispatch was received at police headquarters, this city, Thursday night from Sheriff Hayes of Dover, furnishing a description of the men wanted for the wholesale shooting in that city:

DOVER, N. H. July 5, 1900.

Superintendent of Police.—Wanted for murder, three men, one about 5 feet, 11 inches in height, slight build, dark complexion, nose long and sharp, smooth face, dark coat and pants, no vest, soft shirt, black alpina hat, walks with a shuffling gait, age 20 to 23.

One man, about 5 feet, 6 inches in height, about 150 pounds, dark complexion, dark mustache, mouse colored suit, spring bottom pants, black stiff hat, age 25 to 28.

One man, 5 feet, 7 inches in height, 160 pounds, dark complexion, dark mustache, dark clothes, black suit, age, 25 to 30.

All three were of French descent, but speak English well. Have appearance of having worked outdoors. Arrest and wire me.

JAMES E. HAYES, Sheriff.

GOOD PROGRAM PREPARED.

The Musical Art Club To Be Assisted
By Mrs. Smith.

The Musical Art club, assisted by Mrs. W. Barnette Smith (formerly Miss Cora W. Barnabee, Portsmouth's favorite soprano,) will give the following programme at Conservatory hall, Sunday evening:

Overture, "Hungarian Lustspiel,"	Kel v. Bela
Orchestra	Jadd-sho
Piano trio, Andante Allegro,	Miss Henderson,
Messrs. Ernest Hoyt and Whitman	Scaly
Soprano solo, "The Shadows of the Evening	Mrs. Smith.
Hour,"	Hayden
String quartette,	Marcheroun
Cornet solo, "For All Eternity,"	Mr. Peabody
Selection, "Echoes from Metropolitan Opera	Tobin,
House,"	Orchestra
Soprano solo, "Hushen,"	Needham
Selection,	Mrs. Smith
Orchestra	Orchestra

HAD A BONFIRE, JUST THE SAME.

There was the usual bonfire on the Parade the night before the Fourth, although it had been understood that this time honored custom could not be followed this year, owing to the trolley wires. A small group of citizens, all intensely patriotic, did not propose to let the occasion pass without the blaze there. They were Morris Tobin, Mortimer L. Raynes, Fred N. Jones, W. Gay Smart, John E. Harmon, Leslie Norman and Eugene J. Sullivan. After securing the permission of City Marshal Entwistle they worked industriously from eleven o'clock until twelve, gathering a goodly pile of combustible material. When the hour of midnight sounded the heap was touched off and quite a bonfire resulted, greatly to the satisfaction of the originators.

THE WORK OF VANDALS.

The members of the fire department, the police and all others who have the good order of the city at heart, would just like to get hold upon the miscreant or miscreants responsible for the vandalism perpetrated at the Hanover street engine house on Wednesday night, the 4th inst. The reins of the Chemical were cut and an attempt was made to do the same thing to the suction hose of the steamer Goodrich. Furthermore, a pair of rubber boots belonging to Driver Fernald of the Chemical and coats owned by Drivers Fernald and Hoyt were stolen. Had the Chemical been called out by an alarm that night it is very probable that something serious would have resulted, for the breaking of the reins would have placed the apparatus in a very perilous position.

ROSEMARY AT ELIOT OPENS.

The beautiful "Rosemary" cottage at Eliot, Maine, has been opened for the season as the home of hundreds of poor children of Boston.

On Thursday evening a car load of children with their mothers arrived on the 5.30 train and they will pass two weeks in Eliot at the famous summer home.

President Waldron of the Fresh Air Fund of Boston will arrive in two weeks with about forty more for an outing.

A CYCLIST'S EXPERIENCE.

A local bicyclist is fighting shy of naphtha. By accident he sat down in some grease on the Fourth. When he arose the trousers were black. He had finished cleaning the clothes about dark and before the clothes, which were still on him, were dry he scratched a match on the seat of his trousers to light the gas. Only the presence of one of the other people in the house prevented the fire department from being called out.

The Sunday school of the Court street Christian church is arranging for a picnic at Jenness' beach, Ryø.

OBITUARY.

Harry D. Oxford.

Harry D. Oxford died of consumption at his home in Manchester on Thursday morning, aged twenty years, eight months and twenty-seven days.

He is survived by a father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Oxford, who formerly resided in this city.

The young man went to Manchester with his parents about eight years ago and entered the public schools, where he was universally liked by his companions. For a year or more he has suffered from consumption and last winter he went to Southern Pines, N. C., in hope of gaining relief, but could not do so.

WON SECOND MONEY.

Belle Curry, the chestnut mare driven by Tom Marsh at Readville in the 2.25 trotting class Thursday, won second money.

The five heats in the trot were shared between a field of eight horses, including Wild Wind, Belle Curry and Walter Reim. Wild Wind, after breaking in the first two, steadied down and won the last three heats and race handily.

REVENUE COLLECTIONS.

The internal revenue collections for this district, which comprises the states of Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont, for the month ending June 30th, were \$111,386.52. For the corresponding month of 1899 the receipts were \$143,896.11, showing a decrease of \$32,462.59.

NORFOLK'S NEW COMMANDANT.

Rear Admiral A. F. Barker, commanding the Norfolk navy yard, has been selected to succeed the late Rear Admiral Philip as commandant of the New York navy yard.

SOCKING IT TO THE OLD MAN.

"Were you the smartest boy in your school?" asked the very bright boy. "Why—er—no; not exactly," answered his father. "Did you know as much as I do when you were my age?" "I don't believe I did." "Are you even at this late day able to extract the cube root of a number without referring to a text book?" "N-no. I don't believe I can." "That's all," said the very bright boy as he turned to his books. Then he heaved a sigh and with a look of deepest respect exclaimed: "Parents often turn out to be a terrible disappointment to their children nowadays."—Washington Star.

The Good Old Days.

Two negroes were hoeing cotton on a hot summer's day when the following occurred: "Uncle Joe, don't you wish that we had live in dem good ole days er 'Lijah de Profit, when we cud sot under a big shade tree en shet our eyes en have de birds come en feed us lak dey did him?" "Uncle Joe—No, you fool nigger. Ef we had live in dem days, dem white folks wud had dat man Joshua keepin de sun stan'in still all de time, en we niggers nebber wud be fru wuck. No, sah!—Atlanta Constitution.

Poor Fellow.

Mother—Alice, I was very much surprised and shocked last evening when I passed the parlor door and saw Mr. Woodie with his face close to yours. Daughter—Yes mamma; isn't it a shame the poor fellow is so awfully nearsighted?

Lawn Mowers

AND

Grass Knives

Sharpened.

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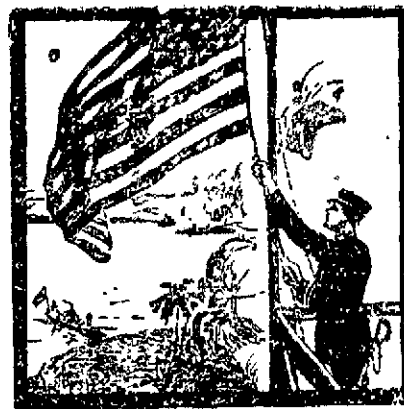
Why don't you send some

of your badly worn upholstered furniture to Robert H. Hall and have it re-upholstered? It will cost but little

Manufacturer of All Kinds of Cushions
And Coverings.

R. H. HALL

Hanover Street Near Market.



THE FLAG GOES UP

In many strange and remote places nowadays. It goes up to stay and it means civilization, prosperity and happiness wherever it floats.

We have RAISED THE FLAG OF LOW prices in this city. It has gone up to stay. It means satisfaction and economy. It stands for the best Tailor-Made Suits and Overcoats at the Lowest Possible Prices.

Better Goods and Lower Prices than ever before.

JAS. HAUGH

20 High Street.

You Know That

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CANDIES.

He Uses The Finest Grades Of

Sugar And Other Ingredients.

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WIND MILLS TANKS AND PUMPS

Gasoline and Hot Air Engines.

Artesian Wells Drilled

ESTIMATES GIVEN ON APPLICATION

EXPERIENCED MEN TO DO THE WORK

Steam, Hot Water and Hot

Air Heating.

PLUMBING AND PIPING.

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39 to 45 Market St.

ESTABLISHED IN 1872.

C. E. BOYNTON,

BOTTLETS OF ALL KINDS OF

Summer Drinks,

Ginger Ale, Lemonade, Root Beer

Tonic, Vanilla, Orange and Strawberry Beer, Coffee, Chocolate and Soda Water in syphons for hotel and family use. Fountains charged at short notice.

Bottles of Eldredge and Milwaukee Lager, Porter, Refined Cider, Cream and Stock Ale.

ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED

A continuance of patronage is solicited from former customers and the public in general every endeavor will be made to fill all orders promptly and in a satisfactory manner.